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LUSTRELESS YEARS.

BY W. W. LORD.

On yonder grassy hillside
In childhood hours I played;
And sported in the meadow,
Beneath the poplar's shade.

Beneath the oak tree's shadow,
In a quiet peaceful nook,
I used to fish for minnows
In the merry running brook.

And when the day was dying,
I watched each golden cloud
Fading in the sunset,
Beneath the evening's shroud.

When stars began to twinkle,
And the moon gave silver light,
I kissed my gentle mother,
And bade her sweet good-night.

But years have lost their luster,
Life now is bitter-sweet;
Since on the hill and by the stream
I roamed with merry feet.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

SUCH a beautiful morning! The golden sunbeams falling like blessings on the earth; the birds singing in a delirium of happiness.

The sweet, warm air brooding over the fragrant flowers; all nature seemed awake, happy and smiling; the sky gave its fairest colors; earth yielding its richest fragrance.

Earle woke with the earliest singing of the birds. He smiled at his own impatience. He had not seen Doris since yesterday morning, and it seemed to him a whole week.

She had asked him to go to Quainton under the pretext of fulfilling some little commission, and he had not caught one glimpse of her afterward. He was impatient to behold her.

The glory of the morning sun, the rapturous music of the birds, was nothing to him, who longed for one look at her face—for the sound of her voice.

It was so early, he hardly dared venture on going to Brackenside, yet he could not rest away.

He walked across the fields, little dreaming whose light footsteps had passed over there last.

He lingered by the stiles and in the lanes until it struck eight, then he felt sure that Doris would be down stairs.

At the farm all was activity; the men were at work; the rosy-faced dairy-maid was tripping along with her well-filled cans. He saw Mark Brace in the distance, deeply intent on driving a very comfortable pig where it sternly refused to go.

The air was filled with pleasant sounds—the busy hum of work, the song of birds, the ripple of the stream, the murmur of the wind. Earle, the poet, heard it all.

He laughed aloud when he saw Mark wiping his brow, and nodded at him as though he would fain say that all conversation would be useless until the struggle was ended.

Comedy and tragedy always go hand in hand. Earle's hearty, genial laugh rang out clear on the morning air, and while he lived he never so laughed again.

"Thank Heaven!" he said to himself, "that I am not to be a farmer."

Then, when he came through the garden, one of the prettiest scenes in the world met his eye.

There was a large porch before the house, cool, roomy, and shady, overhung with jasmine and roses. The morning was very warm, and the day gave promise of being intensely hot.

A white table had been placed in the porch, and on it stood a quantity of ripe, delicious fruit. Mrs. Brace and Mattie were busily engaged in preparing it for preserving; their fingers were stained crimson with the juice.

Both faces looked up as Earle entered, and smiled, while Earle thought he had never seen a prettier picture than the sunlit garden, with its gay flowers. The shady porch, the luscious fruit, the kindly faces; yet he looked anxiously around.

Without Doris it was like the world without the sun. The bright, beautiful face was sure to be smiling at him from the flower-wreathed windows, or from beneath the trees.

"You are looking for your love, Earle," said Mrs. Brace, in her kindly way. "She is a lazy love this morning. She is not down yet."

"I am glad she is resting," said Earle, too loyal to allow even the faintest suspicion of idleness.

Mrs. Brace laughed.

"Doris leads a life very much like the lilies in the field," she said. "She neither toils nor spins. Mattie shall call her if you like?"

"No," said Earle. "I will wait until she comes."

Then Mattie joined in the conversation.

"Doris is tired this morning, Earle," she said, quietly. "She sat up quite late last night writing letters."

"Letters!" repeated Earle, with a touch of pardonable jealousy. "To whom was she writing, Mattie?"

And the girl who loved him so deeply and so silently detected the pain in his voice. She looked up at him with a smile.

"To some schoolmates. She liked some of the girls very much."

Then Earle was quite at ease. He sat for some time, watching the sunlit scene, and the busy fingers among the scarlet fruit. At last, while the bees hummed drowsily, they heard the clock strike nine; and the sound seemed to die away over the flowers.

"Nine," said Mrs. Brace, laughingly. "Mattie, you may be sure that Doris does not want to stain her fingers with the fruit. Go and tell her she need not touch it."

Earle felt deeply grateful toward the woman. It was all very well, but even he did not like the idea of those sweet white hands all crimsoned with ripe fruit.

"Tell her from me, Mattie," he added, "that the whole world will be dark and cold until I see her."

Mattie hastened away with a low laugh on her lips at the extravagant words. She was absent some little time, and kindly Mrs. Brace, seeing that Earle looked anxious, entertained him in her simple fashion with many little anecdotes about Doris; her beauty and wit as a child, her pretty, impetuous fashion of managing Mark.

When Mattie returned she did not look anxious but surprised.

"See how we all have misjudged Doris," she said; "she must have been up and out for some time."

"Out!" repeated Earle.

"Yes; she is not in her room, nor in the house. The morning is so fine, and so sweet, it has very probably tempted her."

"But where can she have gone?" asked Earle. "I did not see her."

"No; you came from Lindenholm, while she is most probable gone to post the letters she wrote last night; gone to Quainton."

"Then I will go and meet her," said Earle. "But what a strange idea of her to go to Quainton alone! Why did she not wait for me?" He looked at Mattie as he spoke.

She answered him with a smile.

"When I can tell you what the birds are singing about," she said, "I shall be able to explain the caprices of Doris. Go and meet her; then you will understand."

Once more Earle hurried off in the sunshine, leaving mother and daughter busy with the fruit.

Mrs. Brace looked after him with a sigh.

"Poor Earle," she said. "Doris might be a little more civil to him. Although they are going to be married, Mattie, I do not think she cares for him a bit."

Mattie made no answer. She had long since arrived at the same conclusion. Whatever Doris might be going to marry Earle for, it certainly was not for love.

An hour passed. The sunshine grew warmer, and the bees hummed, the butterflies with bright wings hovered round the roses; but neither Earl nor Doris returned.

Earle hurried on the road to Quainton. As he crossed the high-road he saw a man breaking stones. He went up to him and asked if he had seen a young lady pass by.

"No; he had been to work there since five in the morning, but no one had passed by."

"Strange," thought Earle; "but he is old and half blind—most probably he did not see her; yet, with her bright, lovely face, and hair like threads of gold, how could he miss her?"

He walked on until he came to the toll-bar. Outside the pretty, white-gabled cottage a woman sat knitting in the sunshine. To her Earle went with the same question—"Had she seen a young lady pass by?"

"No." She had been there since seven, knitting and keeping the gate. There had been gentlemen on horseback, farmers' wagons, but no young lady had passed by that gate since seven.

He did not understand it, and a vague uneasiness came over him. Still he walked on to Quainton. The post office was on the principal street, and if she were there at all, he should be sure to see her.

But at the post office he found men busily preparing the outer wall—they had been at work some hours. From them he asked the same question—"Had they seen a young lady who had come to post letters?"

"No." They had been to work since six, but they had not seen any young lady.

"Then Mattie must have been mistaken," thought Earle; "my darling has not been near Quainton at all; perhaps she is waiting for me now at home."

He returned by the woods, and when he came to any favorite nook of hers, he stopped and cried aloud—"Doris."

The only answer that came to him was the rustling of the sweet western wind in the leaves, and the song of the birds.

The church clock struck eleven as he came in sight of Brackenside. He raised his eager eyes—Heaven help him!—expecting to see Doris in the garden or in the porch; but she was not there.

The sun was slanting over the flowers, the busy murmur of the farm grew louder. Mattie and Mrs. Brace still sat at their work, but of Doris there was no sign.

"My darling!" he said to himself, "where is she?"

"You have not met her, Earle?" said the loud, cheery voice of Mark Brace.

"No, she has not been to Quainton," he replied, "and I do not know where to look for her."

"Do not look anywhere," said Mark; "the longer you look for her the less likely you are to find her. Girls are so uncertain in their ways. Sit down and drink a glass of cider, she will come soon enough then. It seems to me," continued the honest farmer, "that she is having a game of hide-and-seek with you."

Earle thought that very probable. He drank the foaming cider, but he would not sit down.

"I must find her," he said. "If it be her sweet will and pleasure that I should look for her, I will do so."

The farmer laughed, Mrs. Brace felt sorry for him, Mattie was indignant, and Earle went through the pretty garden and all the little nooks she loved best.

He never glanced under the shade of a spreading tree, or turned aside the dense green foliage without expecting that the bright face would turn to him with a smile; he never looked where the ferns grew most thickly, and the tall grass waved in the wind, without expecting the laughing eyes to meet him, and the gay, clear voice to ring out in sunshiny laughter.

No fear, no doubt, no suspicion came to him. It was a bright morning, fair and sweet enough in itself to inspire any desire of frolic; and she liked to tease him.

She had hidden away—hidden among the flowers; but he would find her, and when he did find her, he would imprison the sweet, white hands in his—he would kiss the laughing lips and beautiful face—he would take a lover's revenge for the jest she had played him.

He looked until he was tired; he called aloud, over and over again, "Doris!" until it seemed to him that the birds took up the refrain and chanted "Doris!"

He gave it up; he could not find her; he must own himself conquered; and, tired with the sultry heat and his hard morning's work, he walked back to the farm.

It seemed to him, as he drew near, that there was a strange stillness over the place. He looked in vain for Mark's honest face. The porch, too, was empty, although the fruit still stood upon the table.

"Where are they all?" thought Earle. "What a strange morning this has been."

He looked through the rose-wreathed window of the little sitting room, and there he saw a group that filled his very heart with dismay. Mark, Mrs. Brace, and Mattie, all standing close together, and bending over an open letter.

He watched them in silence, fighting, with a terrible courage, with his first foreboding—a chill, stern, presentiment of coming evil that, man as he was, robbed him of his strength and clutched at his heart with an iron hand.

Then he heard a sob from Mrs. Brace. He saw the farmer clinch his strong hand, while he cried out:

"In heaven's name, who is to tell Earle? I can not."

"You must!" said Mrs. Brace.

But Mark drew back pale and trembling.

"I tell you, wife," he said, "I love the boy so well that I could sooner take him out in the sunshine and plunge a dagger in his heart than tell him this."

A great calm seemed to come over Earle as he heard.

"My darling is dead," he said to himself, "she is dead, and they are afraid to tell me. I can die too!" and opening the door he went in.

At the sight of him Mark turned away, but Mattie went up to him with outstretched hands.

"I know," said Earle, gently. "I know; you are afraid to tell me: Doris is dead."

"It would be better, perhaps," said Mrs. Brace; "death is always the greatest trouble that can happen to us."

Then Earle drew nearer, and a more terrible fear came over him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THERE were troubles worse than death! Surely not for him. Great drops stood on his brow, the veins in his hands swelled like hugh cords; his lips grew white as the lips of the dead.

"Tell me what it is," cried he, in a hoarse voice. "You are killing me by inches. What is it?"

"She has gone away from us," said Mrs. Bruce. "She has gone and left us."

He started back as though the word had stabbed his heart.

Mattie laid her hand on his arm. By the might of her own love she understood his fears.

"Not with any one else, Earle," she said. "Do listen to me, dear. She has not gone away with any one else; but life here was dull for her; she did not like it; she has gone abroad to teach little children. It is not so dreadful, Earle, after all."

But he looked at her with vague, dull eyes.

"Not like the life!" he repeated. "But I am here! Dull! How could it be dull! I am here."

"Tell him the truth, Mattie," said Mrs. Bruce; "there is no use in deceiving him any more; he has been deceived long enough; tell him the truth."

He looked from one to the other with haggard eyes.

"Yes, tell me," he said; "tell me the worst."

"She did not love you, Earle," said Mattie, with a deep sob; "she has gone away because she did not want to marry you."

"I do not believe it!" he gasped. "I will not believe it! Oh, Heaven! How do you dare to slander her so? She did love me. Why should she pretend? She promised to be my wife; why should she if she did not love me?"

"My poor Earle!" said Mattie; and in his hand she placed the letter. "I never thought there was anything wrong," she continued; "but when neither of you returned, I went back into her room to look for something, and found these letters. They were pinned to the toilet cushion One is for us, one for you. Oh, Earle, if I could but bear your sorrow for you!"

He turned away, without one word, and opened the letter. They could never tell how he had read it, how long he was in mastering its contents, what he thought of them, or how he bore the pain.

He made no comment as he read his white lips never moved, no murmur escaped him; but, after a time—it seemed to them endless—he fell with his face to the ground, as a brave man falls when he receives a death wound.

"It has killed him," said Mrs. Bruce. "Oh! that false, wicked girl! He is dead, Mattie!"

But Mattie, quick as thought, had raised his head and held it in her arms.

"He is not dead, mother," she said. "Run for my father." For one short minute she was left with him alone, then she raised her troubled face, repeated her well-known prayer: "God save Earle! If I could but have borne it for him!" she thought.

Then the farmer came in, utterly useless and incompetent, as men are in the presence of great trouble which they cannot understand.

He commenced his assistance by talking loudly against the perfidy of woman; and when his daughter sensibly reminded him that that was no longer any use, he began to lament the folly of men in loving women so madly; reminded again that this was still more useless, Mark raised the helpless figure in his strong arms, tears running down his face. He laid Earle on a couch, and then looked helplessly at him.

"I do not know what is to be done for him," he said. "His mother will go distracted. Ah! wife, she would have done a kinder deed, that golden-haired lassie of ours, if she had killed him at once."

Then Mark Bruce went away.

"The women must manage it," he said to himself. His tender heart was wrung by the sight of that anguish.

It was Mattie who ministered to him, until Earle opened his eyes, and looked at her with a glance that frightened her.

"I remember it all," he said, hoarsely; "she has gone away because she did not love me—did not want to marry me. Will you leave me alone, Mattie?"

"If you will promise me not to do anything to hurt yourself," she said.

"I shall not do that. Do you know why? She promised to marry me, and she shall do it. To find her I will search the wide world through. I will follow her, even to the valley of the shadow of death, but she shall be my wife as she has promised to be—I swear it to the just high God!"

"Hush, my dear; your great sorrow drives you mad. You will think differently after a time."

"I shall not," he replied; "she shall be my wife. Listen, Mattie; bend down to me while I whisper. She shall be my wife, or I will kill her!"

"Hush! You do not mean it. Your sorrow has made you mad."

"No, I am not mad, Mattie." He held both her hands tightly in his own. "I am not mad, but I will have my just rights or my just revenge." His face flamed hot upon her face.

"You will remember that on the day she fled from me, I swore never to rest until I found her; never to rest until she was my wife, and if she refused to be that, I swore to murder her!"

Mattie shrunk from him, trembling and frightened.

"No wonder," he said, "that men go mad; women make devils of them. No wonder they slay that which they love best; women madden them. What have I done?—oh, Heaven, what have I done that I should suffer this? Listen to me before you go.

"I gave her my love—she has mocked it, laughed at it. I gave her my genius—she has blighted it, she has crushed it. I gave her my heart—it has been her toy and her plaything for a few short months; she has broken it with her white hands; she has danced over it with her light feet. I gave her my life, and she has destroyed it. I am a man, and I will have justice; she shall give back to me what I have given her, or I will kill her."

She saw that he was growing more wild with every word; his face flushed hotly, his lips turned like fire, his eyes were filled with flame.

She was afraid of him; and yet in this, the darkest hour of his need, she could not leave him. Again and again, from her lips, as she knelt there trying to console him, came the prayer of which she never tired—"God save Earle!"

At last the wild raving—she could only think it raving—ceased. She saw his eyes darken and droop.

"He will sleep now," thought Mattie, "and sleep will save him."

She drew down the blinds, and shut out the bright sunshine; then, with a long, lingering look at the changed, haggard face, she left him.

Mrs. Bruce saw her come from the little parlor, looking so white and wan that her mother's heart ached for her. She kissed the pale face.

"That wicked girl is not going to kill you, as well as Earle," she said. "I will not have you distressed in this way."

"Oh, mother!" cried Mattie, "never mind my distress; think of Earle. Earle will go mad or die."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear. He was sure to feel very keenly. He loved Doris very much, but he will not die. It takes a great deal to kill. He has too much sense to go mad. He will get over it in time, and be just as fond of some one else."

Mattie had a truer insight into his nature than had Mrs. Bruce.

They went in several times that day to look at him; he lay always in the same position, his face shaded with his hand and turned from the light, sleeping heavily they thought, but sleep and Earle were strangers.

He lay there—only Heaven knew what he suffered during these hours of silence and solitude—going over and over again in his own mind all that he had ever said or done to Doris.

She had been difficult to win; she had been coy, and he thought proud, sensitive; but he did really believe, from the depths of his heart, that she loved him.

What motive could she have had in deceiving him if she had not really loved him? It would have been just as easy to have said so as not. There was no need for the deception. She could have rejected him just as easily as she accepted him.

He alternated between hope and despair. At one time he felt quite sure that she loved him, and that this was only a caprice, nothing more; she was determined not to be easily won.

Then his mood changed, and he despaired. She had never loved him, and prefered leaving home and every one rather than marry him.

Still, in one thing, he was inflexible; let it be how it might, he was determined to find her. He would search the whole world through, but find her he would.

He was spared, in that hour of anguish, one trial; no pang of jealousy came to him; he felt certain of one thing, at least, if Doris did not love him, she loved no one else. If she would not marry him, she was not going to marry another. He knew quite well that here at Brackenside she had seen no one; thank Heaven at least for that.

Then a deep, heavy, dreamless sleep came over him. When he awoke again it was night, and honest Mark, with a face full of bewildered pain, was standing over him.

"Come, Earle," he said, "this will never do; you have been here all day without food. You must not give way after this fashion."

But the troubled eyes raised to his had no understanding in them.

"Remember," continued Mark, with his simple eloquence, "you are the only son of your mother, and she is a widow."

The words, in their simple pathos, struck Earle. He rose from his couch, and Mark saw, as he did so, that he shuddered and trembled like one seized with mortal cold.

"What do you wish me to do, Mark?" he said.

"Take something to eat, then go home to your mother. The world is not all ended because a golden-haired lassie has chosen to run away from you. Women are all very well," continued Mark, with an air of ocular wisdom, "but the man who trusted his whole heart in them would not be a wise man."

"Then I have been foolish," said Earle, "for I trusted my life and my love together."

He was standing up then, looking round him with vague, bewildered eyes.

"I am to go home, Mark?" he said at last.

And the farmer, believing that air and exercise would be best for him, said "Yes."

But Earle turned away with a sick shudder from the food that was offered to him.

"I could sooner eat ashes," he said.

And they forbore to press him.

"You will feel better to-morrow," said Mark. "A night's sleep makes a wonderful difference in our way of looking at matters."

But Mattie and her mother followed him with wistful eyes.

"She has spoiled his life," said Mrs. Bruce.

"She has broken his heart," added Mattie.

Then they seemed to remember that all their sympathy was given to Earle, and they had not thought of being sorry for themselves.

Mattie had lost, as she believed, her sister, yet her thoughts were all for Earle.

The three sat in silence. It was Mark who broke it first:

"So, after all, it was to Earle and to us she was writing," he said, "and not to her school-fellows. I wish I had gone in the room and looked over her shoulder; I should have known, then, what she was doing."

"It would not have prevented it," said Mrs. Bruce. "Doris has always had her own way, no matter who suffered by it; if she had not gone now, she would have gone another time."

Then Mark looked up with a puzzled face.

"She has seen no one, to my knowledge," he said, "since she left school; how did she manage, I wonder, to get this situation.

The solution of that problem occupied the remainder of the evening. They could not imagine how she had contrived it. To them it was another proof of her indomitable will, proving that she would accomplish her ends, no matter what they were, or at what cost.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUT once more under the pale light of the stars, repassing the same road that he had trodden a few hours since, so full of hope and love.

Earle walked like one dizzy from a great blow; the silent, pitiful stars, with their great golden eyes, shone down from the depths of the blue sky; the night wind seemed to hush, the trees were silent, the birds were asleep.

"Doris!" he cried, in a passionate voice, "have you really gone from me, Doris?"

It seemed to him that the force of his love, the might of his affection, must call her back—she could not resist him. Surely the most pitiful cry that rose to the clear heavens that night was the cry of this broken heart.

"Doris!" sounded so distinctly that it startled the birds from their sleep; but no answer came to his call.

How he reached home he never knew. The stars were shining when he left Brackenside—they were shining still when he reached Lindenholm; but he never knew how long he had been coming.

His mother, looking pale and tired, was waiting for him. She had felt impatient with him before, thinking that as he saw Doris every day, it was surely not needful to prolong his wooing until late at night, knowing that she must sit up for him; but one look at his face took away all thought of self. Wonder and alarm shone in her eyes as she gazed at his drawn, haggard features.

Then, as he had often done when he was a boy, he knelt at her feet and laid his head on her knee.

"Doris has gone away, mother," he said.

When she heard that she knew all. They sat talking, mother and son, far into the night; and then Mrs. Moray learned something of the passionate love of her son for the girl who had promised to be his wife.

In that hour his whole heart was opened to her, and she listened in wondering fear. To love anything created, any human being after this wild fashion seemed to her most wonderful and most sinful. It was a volcano, this poet's love. She laid her hand on the fair, bowed head of her son.

"It is the old story, Earle," she said, "of worshiping an idol, then finding it clay. You think your pain intolerable, impossible to bear; yet it is but the same as every man, and woman, too, who sets his or her heart upon a creature, has to endure. There is no true love in this world, Earle—none," she continued, with passionate bitterness, "except the love of a mother for her child."

"I cannot believe it, mother. You loved my father, did you not, and he loved you?"

"Yes," she replied; "we had a deep, true, loyal affection for each other; but, Earle, listen, my son. My first love was a young soldier, who died in India, and before he knew me your father had been deceived just as you have been. Oh! believe me, turn where you will, on which side you may, there is no reliance to be placed on human love."

He bent his head with a moan that went to his mother's heart.

"Then why," he said, "have I youth and strength and life, if I may not have love. I cannot believe it, mother. I love my love, and I will have her; I will search this wide world over but I will find her. She is mine—my promised wife; her hands have been in mine, I have kissed her lips, and I would rather kill her and slay myself than that any one else should take her from me."

And his mother, with all her severity, knew that it was useless to argue with him then, nor did there come to her for long an opportunity for saying any more. That night she knelt by her son's bedside, as she had done many hundreds of times when he was a child; she bathed his hot brow, she made him repeat after her the simple prayers he had said as a child, and when at last the deep, yet troubled, sleep fell over him she prayed as Mattie did—"God save my Earle."

Hard, bitter thoughts rose in her mind against the vain girl whose falsity had destroyed him; but the hardest thought, the darkest imagination she had of her, did not equal the reality, which—Heaven be thanked!—she never lived to see.

On the next day, Earle was so ill that she would not allow him to get up. Whenever she went near him he was muttering to himself about Doris; and when he spoke aloud, it was always on one subject—going in search of her.

It did not surprise Mrs. Moray, on the third day of his illness, to find him in a high fever, and to hear the doctor say, when he was sent for, that he had but little hope of life. They for the time, almost forgot Doris in their fear for Earle.

As the long days and longer nights passed on, and the danger increased, Mrs. Moray aged terribly—the upright figure grew bent and stooping; the gray hair turned white; deep furrows came in the pale forehead—her whole, sole prayer was for the life of her son.

By her father's desire, Mattie went to Lindenholm, and remained there, so as to be a comfort to the widow. Mattie never forgot those days, the breathless suspense, the fear, the earnestness with which the unhappy mother would follow her about from to room, saying always the same thing.

"Never mind talking to me, Mattie; pray for my son."

There came a day when the doctor said he feared no human means could save him—when the white haired mother flung herself on her knees, crying loudly to Heaven to spare her son.

She had preached, in her stern, cold way of resignation, to others, but in this, the hour of her terrible trial, she forgot all; she besieged Heaven, as it were, for her son. Even Mattie shrunk from those wild words.

"Let me suffer, my God!" she cried; "send me torture and death, but spare him! let me suffer, let him live! I would give my body to be burned, my heart to be riven- but spare my only son!"

Faint with the fervor of her own words, she fell on her face, and there lay till Mattie touched her gently.

"He is asleep," she said; "Earle has fallen into a deep sleep, and the doctor says he has taken a turn for the better."

She could not thank God, for her rapture of gratitude found no words.

Who is it that says that "a prayer granted is sometimes a curse"?

The time was coming when those who loved him best said it was the greatest pity that he had not died in this illness; he would then have died with his mother's hope of heaven infolding him.

* * * * * *

Earle grew better so slowly that the improvement could hardly be seen, and during the whole of his convalescence his mind was busy upon the subject. He would go in search of Doris; nothing should keep him from that; neither remonstrance nor tears.

The idea grew with his strength, until it became part of his life. He had some little money—money that he had saved for his marriage; he would spend it in searching for her.

One day, when the doctor came, he raised his wistful eyes to the kindly face.

"How soon shall I be able to travel?" he asked.

"Not for six weeks," was the reply, "and not even then unless you are careful."

Careful he resolved to be, and his mother wondered at his sudden submission and attention to the doctor's orders; but much that was wonderful had to happen before those six weeks were ended.

There had been great anxiety at the farm; one reason of it was, that very soon after Doris went, the money came as usual, and Mark Brace was deeply puzzled to know what to do with it.

He would have returned it, but he did not know where to return it to. He took long and wise counsel with his wife, but Mrs. Brace saw no way out of the difficulty.

"If we could but write to the person who sent it, and tell her what Doris has done, it would be some comfort," she said; "but we cannot do that even."

It was settled, at last, that the money should be placed in the bank to await the return of Doris.

"She will come back," said Mark, "some day, when she has seen enough of the world she so longed for—to find out how false it is; she will come back when she wants true friends and true love; though it may be a long time first."

After long discussions, they agreed it would be better to sanction Doris' flight than to call public attention to it.

"There is nothing so injurious to a girl as to have it known that she ran away from home," Mrs. Brace said. "We must shield her all we can. We must shield her even more than if she were our own."

So, when friends and neighbors asked about her, the farmer and his wife had but one answer to make, and that was, that she had grown tired of the quiet of Brackenside and had gone out as a governess.

M. D'Anvers was the only one who persisted in his inquiries, and he asked where she had gone.

Mark, who loved truth, and hated falsehood, looked uncomfortable, then replied she had gone abroad; but for himself he did not know the names of foreign places; so it passed over.

The few who knew the family told each other, as a piece of news, that the pretty Miss Brace had gone abroad as a governess. Some said, with her beautiful face she would be sure to marry well; and then the matter died away.

One day Mark returned home in a state of great excitement and happiness.

"What do you think has happened?" he asked of his wife.

"You have heard from Doris," she replied.

Then for one moment his face darkened.

"No," he replied, "I have not heard from Doris. I wish you did not think so much of her; it makes you dull. I heard this morning that all the family were at the castle again."

Mrs. Brace, seeing that he really wished her to be surprised, was surprised.

"I am very glad they are back," she said. "A great noble like the duke should live upon his own land."

"That is not all," said Mark, with irrepressible triumph. "I was walking through the market-place at Quainton this morning, and I saw the carriage with outriders and footmen. Now, what do you think, Patty? before all the town the duke stopped the carriage and sent for me."

Then indeed Mrs. Brace felt deeply interested. How could she think too much of a duke who stopped his carriage in a public market place and spoke to her husband?

"What did he say, Mark?" she asked.

"He said that he had been away some months, and he hoped we were all well. That proud, beautiful daughter of his was in the carriage, Lady Estelle; her voice is like a clear, soft flute. 'How do you do, Mr. Brace?' she said, and I told her that I enjoyed the best of health, hoping that she did the same."

"That was rather free spoken, Mark," said his wife, doubtfully.

"Not at all," was the sturdy reply. "She looked pleased enough; then she said: 'How is the young girl you brought to see the castle?' I told her that Doris had gone abroad, to be a governess; she leaned back in her carriage, and held up her parasol."

"'Was she tired of Brackenside?' she asked, and I said, 'Yes, I thought she was.'"

"'Is she married?' asked my lady. I said 'No.'"

"She looked at me strangely, and then the carriage drove on. It was strange altogether."

And again Mrs. Brace turned from her husband with a sigh. There was evil at hand, she was sure.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THERE was no part of the day that the Duke of Downsbury enjoyed so much as the breakfast hour, when his beautiful daughter and his aristocratic wife amused themselves by the discussion of letters and papers that had come by post; then Lady Estelle seemed more lively, and the very sunshine of the duke's life was the happiness of his only child.

As the day passed on she grew more listless, and the expression of ennui on her face grew deeper; but with the morning light she had something of the brightness that had distinguished her as a girl.

On this morning the sun shone so fairly, the roses were blooming, the birds were singing, the whole world was bright and gay.

The breakfast room was, in itself, the very picture of comfort and luxury; the sunbeams sparkle on the costly silver, the flowers filled the air with fragrance. The duke, a fine handsome man, the very type of an English nobleman, sat with a most contented smile on his face.

The cup of tea by his plate was odorous as a bouquet of flowers. The duchess, proud and stately, was deeply engaged in the perusal of a closely written letter.

Lady Estelle, looking more beautiful than ever in the morning light, was busily engaged in doing nothing; neither book nor paper interested her; but to one who knew that fair face well, there was a cloud upon it, an expression of unusual langor and thought.

Suddenly the duke addressed his wife:

"Did I tell you, my dear, that I met my model farmer yesterday, the honest man who amused you so much by his uncertainty over his hands and feet?"

"I remember Mark Brace," said the duchess; "how could I ever forget him? He seemed to me the most honest and sensible man I ever met."

"You remember, perhaps, the pretty child, and the romantic story?"

"Yes, and I never prophesied good for that child," rejoined the duchess.

Lady Estelle raised her fair, proud face.

"Do not say that, mamma, it seems hard upon the child."

"It will be true, my dear," said her grace, calmly, "What has become of her, I wonder; I have not heard anything of her lately?"

The duke smiled.

"One part of your prophecy has come true; she was tired of Brackenside, and has gone abroad."

"Gone abroad?" repeated her grace.

It was the calm, sweet voice of Lady Estelle that replied:

"She has gone as governess to some little children, mamma; surely that was a sensible thing to do."

The duchess looked up in surprise at the unwonted interest in Lady Estelle's voice.

"It is so sensible, Estelle, that I am disposed to alter my opinion of her; she has more sense and less vanity than I gave her credit for. I am much pleased to hear it. But surely you or some one else told me she was going to be married."

"She told me so herself," replied Lady Estelle, "on the day she came here, she was going to marry a 'gentleman and a poet.'"

"Very improbable," said her grace; "gentlemen do not marry beneath them, as a rule."

She did not see the quick hot flush that for one moment burned her daughter's face.

Then Lady Estelle leaned back in her chair, as though the subject had no further interest for her.

Suddenly the duke looked up from his paper.

"Of all the strange pieces of news I ever read, this is the strangest," he said.

Both ladies glanced at him; the flush dying from the face of Lady Estelle left it unusually pale.

"You remember Ulric Studleigh," continued his grace, "that handsome 'no'er-do-well'?"

This question produced a singular result. The duchess looked quickly at her daughter, then dropped her eyes. Lady Estelle started as though she had been touched to the heart by some keen, sharp sword.

"What of Ulric Studleigh?" asked her grace, in a curt voice.

"You will never believe it, my dear; he is the last man in the world to whom such luck seemed likely to fall. When he was in London, at the time we knew him so well, there were seven lives between himself and the earldom of Linleigh. By a strange chapter of accidents they are all gone. The young Earl of Linleigh died only last week, and now Ulric Studleigh has succeeded; he is Earl of Linleigh, and is expected in England next week. Only think what a change for him!"

Lady Estelle had left her seat; she stood against the window, and the face that looked through the glass was so white and wild no one could have recognised it.

"It is a great change," said the duchess; "but unless he himself has changed, fortune will not benefit him much."

"The greatest fault in him was his poverty," said the duke. "I must confess I know little else."

The proud face of the duchess lighted with scorn.

"Did you not? I never liked the Studleigh race myself; 'faithless and debonair'—every one of them, men and women, too, 'faithless and debonair'—fair of face, light of heart, light of word, light of truth. When was a Studleigh either true to a friend or loyal to a love?"

Still no word from the silent figure at the window.

"I wonder," continued the duke, "if he is married yet?"

"It is hardly probable; the Studleighs are proud enough. He would not meet in Indian society any one whom he would care to marry."

Then the duke looked thoughtfully at his daughter. Not one line of her white face could be seen.

"He will succeed to an enormous fortune" he continued. "I should say the earldom of Linleigh is one of the richest in England. He will be a great match for one of our fair friends."

The duchess relaxed some little of her severity.

"He was certainly a very handsome man," she said; "he always made me think of one line in the quaint old song of 'Allan Water:'

"'And a winning tongue had he.'

It was impossible to resist him when with him, his daring was so frank, his compliments so graceful and well turned, yet one felt, instinctively, that the truth was not in him.

"Faithless and debonair. I should not like any one for whom I felt any great esteem to marry Ulric Studleigh, were he thrice an earl."

"Well, I cannot help feeling rather pleased," said the duke. "Perhaps it was a little for his handsome face, but certainly I liked him."

"When is he coming home?" asked the duchess.

"He had sailed for England long before this news could reach him, but it will greet him as soon as he lands. He is expected next week."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

It was Dr. Holmes who said the mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye—the more light you throw into it the smaller it grows.

Bric-a-Brac.

FLOWER NAMES.—The spelling of the popular names of our wild-flowers sometimes obscures their etymology. Thus "foxglove" is really a mistake for "Folks"—the fairy "folks-gloves"—and has no connection with the fox, far less with "fuchs" or "fuchsias."

RUSSIAN BAPTISM.—A Russian baptism under the ritual of the Greek Church is a curious ceremony. A large wooden bowl is filled with water, and the priest takes the child in his arms, stuffs wadding into its ears and nostrils, and then plunges the little head under the water three times, during which period he repeats prayers for the Imperial family.

NAMES.—It is a peculiarity of Ashanti that the common names, seven in number, correspond to the days of the week. "Kwasie," indicates a man born on Sunday, "Kudjoe" on Monday, "Kwabina" on Tuesday, "Kwaku" on Wednesday, "Yao" on Thursday, "Koffi" on Friday, and "Kwamina" on Saturday. These are all accented on the final syllable.

THE SULTAN'S THRONE.—The gilding in the throne room of the Sultan of Constantinople is unequaled by any other building in Europe, and from the ceiling hangs a superb Venetian chandelier, the two hundred lights of which make a gleam like that of a veritable sun. At each of the four corners of the room tall candelabra in baccarat glass are placed, and the throne is a huge seat covered with red velvet, and having arms and back of pure gold.

THE BANANA.—Among the useful plants of Madagascar is one belonging to the same order as the banana. It obtains its common name of "the traveler's tree" from its serving to refresh thirsty wayfarers. The rain, in falling upon its leaves, flows in part into the peduncles, which, by reason of being wide and curved upwardly at the base, serve as a sort of trough in which the water is preserved until the end of the dry season. It suffices to slit the trough with a knife-blade in order to obtain at once an abundant flow of water.

READY FOR USE.—A consular report tells of large quantities of shelled eggs being sent to England from Russia and Italy for the use of pastry cooks, hotels and restaurants. The eggs are emptied from their shells into tins holding 1,000 or more, and, after being hermetically sealed, are packed away with straw into wooden cases, the taps through which the contents are drawn being added by those using them. Great care is necessary in selecting eggs, as a single bad one would spoil the whole lot. Lower price, saving of time, greater ease, and less expense and loss in handling are named as the main advantages of this system.

CHINESE DELICACY.—Preserved ducks' eggs are considered a delicacy in China, and always form an important part of a mandarin dinner. The process of preserving them is as follows. A lye of beanstalk and lime is made by burning these to powder. This is put into water, black tea-leaves and salt in certain proportions being added. The boiling is continued until all the water has evaporated, and the residue becomes caked and hard. This is powdered fine, and the fresh eggs are placed therein, one by one, with a little rice-husk. They remain in this preparation one hundred days, when they are ready for use. The preserved eggs will keep for several years. When ready for use, they have the appearance of hard-boiled eggs.

A STRANGE CLOCK.—Perhaps the strangest of all clocks is to be found in India, being one in possession of a Hindu prince. According to a description, near the dial of an ordinary-looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs, and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of one, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap; by some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and, walking up to the gong strikes one blow. This finished, it returns to the pile, and again falls to pieces. When two o'clock arrives, two skeletons get up, and strike, while at the hour of noon and midnight the entire heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons, and strikes, each one after the other, a blow on the gong, and then fall to pieces, as before.

GLADNESS.

BY W. W. L.

All the earth is filled with gladness,
Song of bird and bloom of flowers,
Zephyrs 'mid the leaves go singing,
Love fills all the passing hours.

In my heart a song of rapture
Tells me life is very sweet,
For love's old but tender story,
Hath made life for me complete.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XXVI.—(CONTINUED.)

THE little woman held all the girls—some of them bigger than herself—as completely in hand as a general holds his division.

At a word from her or a stroke of her bell, the whole school became silent: she seemed to have eyes for everything and everyone, and though Claire never met her glance, she knew that Miss Gover was watching her.

The room grew hot, Claire's head began to ache with that peculiar ache which the school teacher alone knows, but she was not daunted. She liked the work; she was interested in the girls.

One little mite, a child with short, fair hair clustering in curls about her little round head, won her heart from the start. She was called Tiny, and was at the bottom of the class.

She grew tired after a while, and Claire took her upon her knees, where the child promptly fell asleep.

At twelve o'clock the school broke up for the dinner-time, and Claire went over to Miss Gover and timidly asked how she, Claire, had got on.

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gover, "but I noticed that you took one of the children on your lap."

"She was a wee, little thing," said Claire, "and very tired!"

"Yes, I know," said Miss Gover. "But you mustn't do it. You've got to learn that a school teacher is supposed to have no heart. Oh, yes, I think you'll do very well. You've got a headache, of course?"

Claire admitted the soft impeachment. "But it will be all right when I am used to it," she said.

"Do you think so?" said Miss Gover, with a weary little smile. "Well, perhaps it may. You look very strong," and she glanced at the graceful, girlish figure with a reluctant admiration, not untinged with amiable envy.

"Oh, I'm as strong as a horse!" said Claire, with a smile.

"You need be!" rejoined the head-mistress, significantly.

Day followed day, and Claire settled down into her new life. Few careers are as uneventful as a schoolteacher's; but Claire did not find her life monotonous.

She was interested in her work, and, except for the headaches, which grew less frequent after a time, she kept her health. In a very short time she succeeded in winning the affection of her class.

The children went home full of the kindness of the new, pretty mistress; and little Tiny regarded her as a second mother, for though Claire did not repeat the mistake of nursing her, she was especially gentle with the mite who ought to have been in the nursery instead of a school.

Claire devoted her evenings to preparation for her examination, and at times she felt sure of passing.

Now and again, when she was poring over Euclid, or Macaulay's "History of England," she would stop and ask herself if Court Regna and her old life had ever been a reality. If—if Gerald Wayre had ever existed?

She thought of him very often; of his struggles, his cheerfulness, his self-reliance, the masterful way in which he had tackled the work at the Court, and, in a singular way, his character influenced hers.

But she had not much time for thought; there was the ordinary routine work at the school every day. Her own preparation for the examination every night.

Of Sister Agnes she saw very little. Now and again she would pass her on the stairs or meet her in the street, but the Sister never vouchsafed her more than a smile, the placid smile of a saint, and Claire did not venture to address her, to intrude upon her. For there was something in Sister Agnes, with all her humility and sweetness, which kept people at arm's length.

One day Claire missed Tiny from the class.

"Where is Tiny?" she asked.

"Tiny's ill, teacher," said one of the girls. After the school was over, Claire obtained Tiny's address and went round to see the child. She found the mother in tears.

Tiny was very bad! Doctor said it was some fever; mother didn't know rightly which. Yes, the lady could see the child. Tiny was always talking about her. Claire went up the narrow staircase and into a small room, where the little mite lay tossing on a bed almost as small as herself.

Tiny did not know her at first, but after a time understood that it was the pretty teacher, and lisped fragments of the last lessons she had learned.

Claire sat beside her for some time, and when she rose to leave, gathered the child to her bosom and kissed her. The next day Claire had a return of the headache which she had flattered herself she had grown out of.

When she got home, she felt giddy and faint. She went to bed with a parching throat, and a choking sensation, which was more than unpleasant. Then at last, she fell asleep, and woke to find Sister Agnes beside her.

"Sister Agnes!" she said, with difficulty. "You—here?"

"Yes," said Sister Agnes. "I am here because you want me. You are ill!"

"Ill!" said Claire; and her voice sounded strangely in her own ears. "What is the matter with me?"

"Diphtheria, my child," said Sister Agnes. "You caught it from Tiny!"

"Poor little Tiny! I remember!" murmured Claire.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CLAIRE was very ill. More than once Grim Death hovered very near the bed on which she lay like a flower struck down by a blast of some deadly wind; but there was an angel present in the form of Sister Agnes, and she fought King Death—as the Angel of Life in Watts' great picture fights the Destroyer—and she kept him at bay.

Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and often raises up friends for us in our hour of need; it raised up friends for poor Claire.

Not only Sister Agnes, but Mrs. Holland, the landlady, and Queenie were moved to pity and tenderness.

Miss Gover herself came round, and, though she dared not enter the sick room for fear of carrying contagion to the school, spent many a half-holiday on a chair on the little landing outside the sick room door, from which she would address in a curiously and comically softened voice, words of encouragement to Claire within; and when Claire would try to answer her, the sharp, little woman would struggle with a lump in her throat, and dash her hand across her keen eyes.

In diphtheria the fever is seldom delirious, and Claire neither raved nor rambled incoherently; so that Sister Agnes learnt nothing of her patient's past life; but she knew that the trouble which had cast Claire from wealth to poverty, and driven her into a lonely fight with the world, was still weighing upon her mind, and helping the insidious disease.

The doctor, one of those hard-working men who are an honor to their profession and the salt of the earth, more than once shook his head gravely, and, outside the door, expressed to Sister Agnes his doubts as to the result of the illness.

"I might fight the diphtheria," he said; "her youth and her strength—for she is a splendid specimen of a young woman—help me, but she herself doesn't do much in that way; she doesn't appear particularly anxious to live!"

"She has known trouble," said Sister Agnes.

"Of course," said the doctor, looking at his watch—he had about fifty other cases to see that day—"I guessed that. Now, if you could cure the trouble, Sister Agnes, I think, mind I think, I could pull her through the diphtheria. It's precious hard for us doctors when a sick person has something wrong with his mind, as well as the body. Sorrow kills more often than disease. Go on with the treatment."

Sister Agnes went back to Claire and smoothed the pillow and bathed the hot head, and Claire smiled up at her patiently and gratefully.

"Does he say I am going to die?" she asked one day.

"No," said Sister Agnes. "He thinks that you will live—if you care to."

Claire smiled again, a smile that went to Sister Agnes' heart.

"I should like to live through it for your sake Sister," she said. "But for my own—ah, well, life does not seem so very precious that one should fight and struggle for it. How is Tiny to-day?"

"Better," said Sister Agnes. "She cried when they told her that you were ill."

"Poor little mite," said Claire. "I am sorry they told her. I am glad that she is better and hope that she will live; all her life is before her, with hope and love and happiness."

"You speak as if love and happiness were over for you, dear," said Sister Agnes, gently.

"I think they are," said Claire. "That must sound very wicked to you, Sister; very childish and peevish. You are so good you see, and I am so wicked and impatient."

"Don't say that I am good," said Sister Agnes.

Claire smiled. "You are too good for this world, Sister. Some persons are born so. I am not one of them."

"Don't say that!" said Sister Agnes, again. "You speak as if your trouble had left some bitterness in your heart."

"Yes," said Claire. "It has; I am no saint. My pride and self-love have been wounded, and the wound rankles."

"Can you tell me your trouble?" asked Sister Agnes, after a pause. "I know that you have not always been poor; but, my dear, riches are not everything in this world."

"Riches!" said Claire, "you think that I am grieving for the loss of my money? I am not."

She was silent for a time. During her fever her feelings had gone through a strange phase. There were times when she had forgotten Gerald's supposed treachery, when she had forgotten his flight with Lucy Hawker. They came back upon her now in full force.

"It is not the loss of my money that has hurt me," she said. "I am almost ashamed to tell you——"

"There need be no shame, dear," said Sister Agnes. "Sorrow is only shameful when we have brought it upon us by our own sin; and even then there is no shame in owning our fault and praying for forgiveness."

Claire smiled half bitterly. "I don't know that it was all my fault," she said. "If it was a sin to love him and believe in him, half the sin is mine still. I did love him, and that I can no longer believe in him is my great sorrow. Sister, are all men liars?"

"Not all," said Sister Agnes. "Thank God, there are many, many good men and true in the world. The clergyman who came to see you yesterday——"

"The little curate with the weak eyes and the thin hair?" said Claire. "How kind he was, how gentle!"

"Yes," said Sister Agnes, "and he is as noble—for all his weak eyes and thin hair—as he is gentle. He left a home of wealth and luxury—sacrificed all that the world considers worth living for—to come here and labor for the good of his fellow-men."

"He was quite different," said Claire, in a low voice. "He was tall and strong, and fought for his own hand. I think that is one reason why I loved him. He was quite unlike your pet curate, Sister; and, perhaps, you would not think him a hero. But he was a hero in my eyes, and I gave him all my heart."

"He must have been a very foolish as well as a very wicked man, my dear, if he didn't value it as one of the greatest treasures on earth."

Claire laughed and struggled for breath. "He valued it so little that he went off with another girl! Ah, how mean, how miserable my story must seem to you, Sister! But there it is.

"He told me that he loved me, and five minutes afterwards I saw him—it all sounds so impossible! So impossible that while I have been lying here I have forgotten his treachery, and at times have only remembered him as I once thought him; all that was noble, and good, and brave, and true."

Sister Agnes took the hot hand and smoothed it.

"You must not talk much more, dear," she said. "But one word; are you sure that you were not mistaken? You do not seem to me a girl easily deceived!"

"No," said Claire. "I prided myself on my intelligence. I thought that I could not be mistaken in him; that was where I was wrong. But 'men are deceivers ever,' you know, Sister. No, there could be no mistake! I saw him with my own eyes making love—oh, how I hate the word!—to the other girl."

The hot tears welled from beneath her eye lids. "All this must seem so petty, so contemptible to you, Sister; though it means so much to me."

Sister Agnes was silent for a moment or two, then she drew the black veil a little over her face.

"Not mean or contemptible, dear!" she said, in a low voice.

"You speak as if I did not know what love meant. You are wrong. Is there any woman who is so ignorant? I, too, have had my sorrow. It had cast a shadow over my life, a shadow that has taken this form," she touched her black dress.

Claire turned her head, but the pale, patient face was hidden from her.

"You, Sister!" she breathed, half fearfully.

"Yes, I!" said Sister Agnes. "It is hard for you to realise that I, an old woman with white hair, was once a young girl like yourself."

"No, no, Sister!" murmured Claire.

It is hard for even me to realise it," said Sister Agnes. "For the past is grown dim as a dream. And yet, while you have been speaking, it has all come back so vividly. You have told me something of your trouble; shall I tell you of mine?"

"Not if it will pain you," said Claire.

"It will pain me," said Sister Agnes. "But I shall not shrink from that if I can remind you that you are not the only one who has suffered, if I can show you that there is some consolation for those who seek it rightly.

"It is in the hour of our direst need, when life seems a hideous mockery, and death our only refuge, that God points out to us a path which leads to peace. Listen, Claire. Close your eyes, dearest; do not look at me, for in my sorrow there is, if not actual sin, the shadow of shame."

Claire stretched out her hand and sought the Sister's in in one. Sister Agnes was silent for a moment or two, then the gentle, patient voice went on—

"Claire, I was an only daughter, the child of God-fearing people. My father was a clergyman, one of those who have inherited the old Puritan spirit. I was brought up strictly—too strictly.

"Innocence is a good thing, Claire, but, like most good things if carried to extremes, it becomes an evil and a danger. I was shielded in our secluded parsonage from all knowledge of the great world, whose echo even never reached the vicarage gates.

"I knew nothing of men, of their evil natures or of their good. My knowledge, or, rather, say my ignorance, was bounded by the little village that ran to the seashore.

"I was very happy; happy and content helping my father with the sick and needy in his parish, with the simple duties that fall to the parson's daughter."

Claire pressed her hand. "I can see you, Sister!" she whispered.

"One day I was standing on a little quay when a yacht sailed in. I was thinking how beautiful she looked—like a bird spreading its wings upon the water. A gentleman came on shore from her.

"I stood and looked at him with natural curiosity and interest. Perhaps that attracted his attention; he raised his hat and spoke to me. I remember even now the commonplace words he said. He said that it was a fine day, and he asked me to direct him to the inn.

"I told him the way, and thought that he would leave me at once; but he lingered, and we talked still further. He was young and handsome, and he spoke with all the ease of a man of the world.

"I had never met such a being before; all the men I knew were stiff and awkward; this man was grace itself. He treated me as if I were an uncrowned queen, with a deference and gentleness that thrilled through me like a warm ray of sunlight."

"I know, I know!" murmured Claire.

"When he had gone I stood there bewildered, feeling as if something had come into my life and gone out of it, leaving me poorer than before. I went home half dazed. And I lay awake all that night thinking of him."

"I know!" said Claire again.

"The next day I met him again. He came down the narrow lane humming a song, which ceased as he saw me, his face lit up with a smile which mine, I knew, reflected. We walked side by side and talked.

"Even now I can remember every word he said, every look on his face. Every day for a week we met; at first by chance, afterwards by agreement; and before the week was over he had become to me

dearer than father and mother, than life itself."

"Oh, I understand!" breathed Claire. "It might be my own story!"

Sister Agnes drew a long breath.

"At last he told me that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. I tried to resist, but something drew me to him, and I hid my face upon his breast, while he drew a confession of my love from me. But I was not wholly forgetful of my father and my home. I told him that I did not even know his name, that he was a stranger to me and mine.

"He laughed—whenever he laughed something within my heart laughed too and dispelled all doubt and fear.

"Yes," said Claire. "When he laughed I felt like that."

"He told me his name and rank. He was a nobleman; I was frightened, for I knew that between him and me, the daughter of a poor clergyman, there must be a great gulf. He laughed my fears away. He said he would go to my father and ask for me with proper ceremony. We went home together. He saw my father. What passed between them I do not know, but my father came to me and told me that the man I loved was not fit to be my husband."

She was silent a moment, and Claire felt the thin, wasted hand tremble.

"My father said that he was a profligate, a man of well-known bad character, and that nothing but an unhappiness for me could result from our marriage. I pleaded hard, but my father was inexorable. That my lover was a man of wealth and rank weighed nothing with him.

"If I had fallen in love with our village carpenter, a respectable member of our church, my father would have consented to our union, but he would not give his daughter to a man of loose life, though he were the King of England. There was a stormy scene. I heard my father's and my lover's voices raised in anger and defiance——"

There was a pause. So vividly had the Sister's simple narrative depicted the scene that Claire almost saw it.

"My lover left the house," resumed Sister Agnes, "and I was bidden to see him no more; but I could not obey. I, whose will and wish had hitherto been those of my father's, felt a force stronger than filial piety impelling me. I stole out of the house that night and met my lover."

She paused, as if the memory of the past were casting a spell upon her.

"He owned that my father had just cause for doubting his sincerity, but he swore that he loved me, and he implored me to fly with him and be his wife.

"I resisted for days, but a woman's heart is weak when it is o'er brimming with love. I forgot the duty I owed my father; I forgot everything in the passion which consumed me like fire, and at last I consented to a clandestine marriage. You blame me, Claire?"

"No," breathed Claire. "If the man I loved had said to me, 'Come with me to the end of the earth,' I must have gone—if I had not discovered his treachery."

"We are all alike," said Sister Agnes, in a low voice. "Sometimes, in my presumption, I have asked myself why God made women so subject to man, so fully his slave. To avert suspicion he sailed away in his yacht, but he came back a week or two later, and the yacht lay off the port. I had agreed to steal from my home and join him on board.

"That night I rose from my bed and dressed myself, and while the father who loved me lay asleep, trusting me and suspecting nothing, I stole from the house, and, going down to the quay, found a boat waiting for me.

"Even then a presentiment of coming evil smote me like a cold wind, and I would have drawn back and returned to the safety of a father's love, but my lover and my love were too strong. As I hesitated he took me in his arms and carried me into the boat, and we rowed to the yacht."

"Sister!" whispered Claire.

"He had brought a woman with him; a faithful and devoted servant, who had been his nurse. He had thought of everything that could ensure my safety and soothe my conscience. No man could have been more gentle, more chivalrous than he was.

"If it had been possible I should have loved him more deeply during that voyage than I had done before. Think of it, Claire! To sail on sunlit seas with the man to whom one's whole heart has been given; to lie back on a chair on a snow white deck, with snow white sails above one's head, and listen to words made musical by love! We reached a foreign port, and there, quietly, privately, but with all due form, we were married."

Claire unconsciously drew a breath of relief.

"Yes, married," said Sister Agnes. "He loved me well enough—then—to make me his wife. He loved me well enough—then."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHE paused in her narrative, and her head bent lower.

"We traveled on the Continent some months. My husband was a singular man, and disliked society. None of his relatives, and, indeed, very few of his friends, if any, were aware of our marriage. He seemed to shun acquaintances, and we lived for the greater part of the time in an old Swiss town.

"I was quite content and very happy, and did not feel the need of friends while he was by my side and I had his love. For a time we lived an idyllic life; the life of two persons who love each other, and are satisfied with their love.

"If I had been a woman of the world, instead of an ignorant, unsophisticated girl, I should have known that such a life could not last; but I knew nothing of the world, nothing of men—our masters. I was living in a fool's Paradise, and did not understand that the existence which seemed so perfect to me would soon begin to pall upon him."

"All this life had been spent in pleasure, every whim had been gratified, and it was not likely that a life of sweet monotony would satisfy him. It was wonderful that he was contented for so long! For some months he scarcely left me, but presently he began to go by himself to the nearest town.

"There was a club there and he met men, who, like himself, were devoted to pleasure. At first I was glad that he should find some amusement and change outside of our quiet existence, and I encouraged him to make frequent visits to the town, little thinking that I was with with my own hand weakening the slender links of the chain which bound him to me.

"After a time his absences were more frequent and longer; he would stay away for a night or two; at first with many excuses and plausible reasons, but gradually with no excuses at all. Little by little the truth began to dawn upon me; that truth which is the most bitter a woman can learn—that the man she loves is growing weary of her."

Claire's hand closed over the Sister's and pressed it.

"Don't tell me any more, Sister!" she said.

"Yes," returned the low, patient voice. "I want you to know why I can sympathize with you. I tried to hide the awful doubt and dread which was creeping over my heart like a blight. I tried to be gay and to seem as if I were still sure of his affection and feared nothing; for, innocent as I was, I knew, with a woman's sure instinct that to complain were fatal.

"In a chalet near ours lived a young Italian. He lived a life almost as secluded as our own, for he was delicate and held his life by the slenderest of threads. He had made my husband's acquaintance in an informal way, and, now and again, we had exchanged visits.

"He was very young, very handsome, with that kind of beauty which the shadow of death spiritualizes. He was a musician, and spent nearly all his time with his piano and violin; sometimes on still nights I could hear the sweet strains wafted through the windows of my room in which I now spent so many solitary hours.

"One day he called while my husband was out; I had been crying, for my husband had been away from me three days, and I think the young fellow saw traces of my tears. He was very gentle, though he affected not to have noticed that anything was wrong, but after he had been talking for a little while, he went to the piano and played and sang to me.

"It was as if some friend had laid a soothing hand upon my heart; he got up from the piano and went without a word; but the next day he came again, and the next, and the next; indeed, there was scarcely a day on which he did not cross the grounds and enter by the long, open window; and if he did not come, I missed him. Are you thinking ill of me, dear?"

"No, no!" murmured Claire.

"There is no need," said Sister Agnes, simply. "I meant no ill, thought no ill. I still loved my husband with all my heart, and the young Italian was to me like a brother or a dear friend—just that, and no more. My husband did not seem to notice the frequency of his visits.

"I know now that he was growing indifferent to me and all that concerned me. Sometimes he came home hot and flushed with drink and the excitement of the gaming table, and finding us together, would vouchsafe us a nod and a few careless words, and go straight to his own room.

"The young Italian, young as he was, knew more of the world than I did; he was a man with a man's knowledge of other men's lives. Rumors of my husband's manner of amusing himself reached his ears—he knew that my husband's fickle fancy had been caught by a fresh face, he spent most of his time when away from me with a woman of notorious ill-fame. The young Italian pitied me. Pity is akin to love, and he grew——"

She drew her hand away from Claire's, and clasped her other one in it.

"—He grew to love me. As Heaven is my witness, I saw, suspected nothing. I scarcely noticed that his manner grew more gentle, more tender; that the music he played and the songs he sang thrilled with the accents of passion. How should I? I still loved my husband. But I suppose my husband's eyes were keener than mine.

"The evil men do makes them quick to discern evil in others. One day he hinted his suspicion. I did not understand him at first, and when I did, I was indignant to begin with, and then scornfully amused; in my innocence I laughed at his half-formed accusation; I even refused to relinquish the young Italian's friendship.

"I would not by so doing assent, as it were, to my husband's unfounded doubt. I shall never forget the way in which he received my almost defiance. 'We shall see,' he said, with a half mocking, half bitter smile, which had become habitual with him.

"'I know men pretty well; I know women better. We shall see. But I warn you that if I should prove to be right, there will be no mercy for him or you. Go on your own sweet way, but remember I have warned you.'

"I was so sure of my friend's innocence, and my own, that I sent over to the chalet next day to ask him to come and play to me. He came; he looked pale and more delicate than usual, and was very silent. After a time he went to the piano, but in the middle of the song he broke down, rose and came across the room to me and knelt at my feet.

"He told me that he loved me, that he knew I was unhappy, that my husband was deserting me for a woman not fit to breathe the same air; and he asked me, implored me, to fly with him. He said that such a marriage as mine was a mockery and a desecration, that I had every right to leave the man who was deceiving me; he said that he would make me his wife the moment the law enabled him to do so.

"He had not long to live, but while he lived his life should be devoted to me; he was rich and noble; he would leave me to friends who would care for and watch over me.

"It was true love he offered me, but I shrank in horror and remorse; remorse that my husband should have been right and I so blind and wrong. I implored him to leave me; I told him that what he proposed was impossible, that I still loved my husband, and that even if I did not, I should remain a true wife to the end.

"He clung to my dress, and in passionate accents implored me to save myself and fly with him. While he was still on his knees a shadow fell across the floor, and my husband entered."

There was a pause; the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece sounded in Claire's ears like a human voice crying in sharp accents of agony. Sister Agnes drew a long breath.

"I was like one turned to stone; I could not speak, urge my innocence, utter one word. The young Italian rose, white and panting. My husband looked from him towards me with a smile of bitter amusement. 'I told you so,' he said, in a voice which I had learned to know so well, and to dread.

"'Time has proved me right! May I ask whether you have completed your preparations for departure with your lover, and whether I can be of any assistance to you? Pray command me! I am quite at your service, believe me.'

"I quailed and shrank before the insult, more deadly and crushing than any outburst of fury, but it drove the young Italian mad. He sprang across the room and struck my husband on the face. My husband stood like a rock, and the smile never left his lips.

"'Thanks!' he said. 'But for this blow I would have let you go unpunished, but this makes my course delightfully easy. You will find my second awaiting you on your return home; but, pray do not let me hurry you! You two will still have a great deal to say to each other, and, with all apologies for such an impertinent intrusion, I take my leave.' I heard no more, for I fell in a faint. I was ill for weeks, unconscious most of the time. A child was born to me during that time. When I was well enough to be told the truth, I learnt that my little one was dead."

Her voice broke with a sob for an instant, and Claire's tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Afterwards, they told me that the man who loved me so madly, and pitied me so tenderly, had been killed by my husband. He had declared my innocence, my complete ignorance of his love, my perfect blamelessness; but my husband had laughed incredulously and believed me guilty.

"The loss of my child, the murder my husband committed—for it was no less than murder—nearly killed me. I prayed to die night after night, as others pray to live, but God, in His mercy and in His pity, would not hear me! When I grew stronger they brought me a letter from my husband. It was as courteous as if it had come from a lawyer or a friend.

"He would never see me again; I should remain his wife on one condition—that I should never bear his name. If I would consent to this proposal he would make me a liberal allowance; if not, he would sue for divorce, and bring shame upon me and my widowed mother."

"Can such men exist?" said Claire.

"Yes," responded Sister Agnes, "and women make them what they are. I wrote to my husband and told him that I would never bear his name again, that I would accept no help from him, and I sent him my wedding ring."

"Yes, yes!" murmured Claire. "And then?"

"Then I began my new life; I had very little money and no friends. I could not go home; I knew nothing of the world with which I had to fight; how hard a fight that is, you have learned, dear. There were days when I tasted no food, there have been nights when I have lain awake with the cold.

"I have lived with the poorest of the poor, the most wretched of the wretched, and I have found that there were sorrows deeper than mine, anguish more keen than even I had suffered. I found heroes and heroines in the gutters; martyrs of the slums.

"I came of an old Puritan stock, Claire, and my heart, which I thought had been frozen or turned to stone, melted at the sight of so much misery. Ah, dear, if the rich only knew! It is not because they are so unfeeling that so little is done for the poor, it is because they do not know.

"One day I was taking some needlework home to the man who kept a host of slaves like myself, slaves more wretched and more cruelly treated than any in foreign lands, to free whom we spend so many millions.

"I was ill and half starved, and I fainted on the way. When I came to, a Sister of Mercy was bending over me. She took me to the Home. It was rightly called, for it was a Home. To me it was a heaven of rest and peace.

"Some day, Claire, the world—this great Babylon of ours—will learn to know and value the work the Sisters of the Poor and Needy have done and are doing.

"It is too apt to sneer and laugh at our black garb; it does not understand that we wear it as a uniform which we have taught the wretched and the miserable to respect and love.

"I told the Sisters of my story, concealing the names, as I have concealed them from you. They asked me to join them; I consented willingly, gratefully. The day I put on the Sister's dress I left the past behind me, relinquished in very truth the name my husband had given me, and became—Sister Agnes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE evil arising from jesting upon the Scriptures is greater than at first appears. It leads, in general, to irreverence for Scripture. When we have heard a comic or vulgar tale connected with a text of Scripture, such is the power of association, that we rarely hear the text afterward without thinking of the jeer. The effect of this is obvious. He who is much engaged in this kind of false wit will come at length to have a large portion of Holy Scripture spotted over by his unholy fancy.

UNFORGOTTEN.

BY A. E.

There hangs a face on mem'ry's wall,
With love and tenderness replete;
In soul-light radiant, withal
Bright eyed and marvellously sweet.

From memory I cannot part
That sweet face, ever nearer still;
The comfort strong that fills my heart
Is that her aim I work to fill.

'I would seem disloyal to her love,
This best remembrance not to keep,
And count, that I my love may prove,
All labor rest, all suffering sweet.

When it is hard to care again,
To rouse ambition's dormant power
Then she is with me in my pain,
And sweetens every lonely hour.

Her soft voice speaks. I'm not alone.
Her dear soul knits itself to mine;
Her love and faith are still my own;
Her eyes beam tenderness divine.

I can wait till life is done,
And cheer with hope each sighing breath;
This heart can never love but one,
And love hath naught to do with death.

Seen By The Coppice.

BY G. L. D.

IT was a typical "hunting morning" in November. The winter had set in unusually early that year, and premature frosts had more than once nipped the fox-hunter's pleasures.

All the frequenters of the covert side hailed this day's change to "open weather," even though accompanied with occasional drizzles of chilly rain; "colder even than actual frost and snow," as the latest arrival at the meet shiveringly reflected.

Curious looks were cast on this gentleman as he slowly rode up. Country folk are proverbially inquisitive about their neighbors, and Hubert Stanton was personally unknown to everyone in the place, having only recently, and, as it were, accidentally, inherited the property of which he had just taken possession.

For many generations the Hall had been in the ownership of one family, but financial embarrassments—some inherited, some self-inflicted by personal extravagance—had obliged the last representative of this line to sell his estate.

The purchaser was a shrewd business man, who had had some previous financial transactions with Sir Antony Wellwood, and probably, so the neighbors whispered, obtained the property on very favorable terms.

Shortly before the sale, Sir Anthony, who was a widower, had lost his only daughter in a tragically sudden manner, and this circumstance, combined with his monetary involvements, may have had some influence in inducing him to close so hastily with Mr. Vivian's offer for the property, and to leave England altogether.

However hard a bargain the new purchaser had driven for the estate, the entire neighborhood profited by the change of owners.

The Wellwood family had been chronically addicted to living beyond their means; and, in Sir Anthony's days, the family embarrassments were becoming acute.

Sir Anthony had nearly outrun the credit of the long-suffering local tradesfolk; the Hall, like the estate, bore evident tokens of its owner's impecuniosity, and things within doors and without were going to wreck and ruin, as the old servants often lamented.

Now under the new state of affairs, all was changed. If Mr. Vivian, as ill-natured folks said, "had never known of a grandfather of his own," he at least evinced that respect for other people's grandfathers which is often shown by the new men who purchase old acres.

No dutiful descendant of the old family could have renovated and restored the old place with a more respectful regard to its former associations and traditions; Mr. Vivian even carrying his complaisance so far as to retain all the old servants, and pay them far better and more regularly than their former masters had ever done.

Schools were built, new cottages erected, improvements carried out everywhere; for Mr. Vivian was, in truth, most desirous of posing as a model landowner and country gentleman, less for his own sake than for that of his only son, whom the quiet, grave, self-made man loved with an intensity and passion which few, even the youth himself, fully understood.

Ever since the young wife, who died in giving the boy birth, had passed away, James Vivian had set before him one object in life—that of making a fortune for his child, of removing from the boy's pathway all the thorns and briars through which he himself had fought his way to success.

Perhaps in accomplishing this object Mr. Vivian had sometimes acted on the principle of the end justifying the means; but, in any case, the desired result was attained, and the proud father saw his son (who has been educated as befitted his parent's improved circumstances) heir to a fine property and ample fortune, and mixing freely and easily in the society which rather tolerated than accepted his father.

There was even a whisper of an advantageous marriage with one of the daughters of a neighboring county magnate. Then came an awful blow.

The young heir, after a prolonged "run" with the hounds, met with an "awkward spill" returning home in the dusk of a winter's afternoon; and was found, many hours later, lying with a broken neck at the bottom of a deep dry ditch, into which he had been thrown.

The shock literally killed the father. In popular parlance, Mr. Vivian "never held up his head again," and going abroad only survived his son a few months. The property—in default of a will—passed to his "next-of-kin," a nephew with whom Mr. Vivian had kept up the scantiest of intercourse for years.

For Hubert Stanton had been somewhat a social failure, and men who have made their own way successfully in the world have scant patience for such, especially among their own kindred.

Stanton had tried his hand at many callings, and been prosperous in none. He had knocked about the world a good deal, served a while in the Cape Mounted Rifles, dabbled in mining adventures, made money for a time in an Australian sheep-farm, and been ruined by a season of drouth.

Then he tried orange growing in Florida, from which occupation he was unexpectedly recalled to England by the startling news that he had become heir to the wealthy kinsman to whom he had been already indebted for many loans; albeit, such aids had always been most grudgingly bestowed.

It cannot be said that Hubert Stanton, thus unexpectedly coming into his kingdom, was as happy as he might have been in his good fortune. He experienced all the shyness and loneliness of the returned colonist settling down amid utterly new and unfamiliar surroundings.

Very little of his thirty-four years of life had been passed in England, none of them in the country places of his native land; and he felt strangely "unked," as Scotch folk say, on first taking possession of his new property.

The loss of Mr. Vivian's liberal subscription to the local hunt had been a serious matter for the M. F. H., and great was the anxiety of the neighborhood—or at least of the sporting portion of it—to know whether the new owner of the Hall was likely to do his duty with regard to supporting the hunt as well as the other local institutions.

That Mr. Stanton, two days after his arrival at the Hall, should put in an appearance at the meet, was hailed as a good omen, and the master promptly rode up and introduced himself and several of the local magnates, and was relieved to hear that the present owner of the Hall was prepared to walk in his uncle's footsteps as regarded all local financial arrangements.

In truth, Hubert felt himself so hopelessly ignorant regarding the usages of English country society, that he clung to his predecessor's example as his safest guide; and, having learned from his steward that his uncle and cousin "never missed attending a meet," decided to make his own appearance at this one. Fresh from the genial climate of Florida, the day was an untempting one upon which to venture out.

The scent, like the day, was cold, and while waiting about in the drizzle for a "find," Hubert inwardly moralised upon the eccentricity of the taste which can find delight in the chase of Reynard, but had the discretion to keep those heretical opinions to himself. There was the usual "field."

The genuine sportsman of all ranks, the dilettante hunters who found the meet a pleasant excuse for encountering country neighbors, the sprinkling of pretty girl riders, the comfortable-looking old ladies in pony carriages come to see "the young folk enjoy themselves," and everyone except Hubert seemed to know everyone else, and to be upon the friendliest terms with one another.

"I shall let the Hall as soon as I can, and go abroad to some cheerful place for the winter," thought the new comer, as he waited with ill-suppressed impatience for the fox to break away; those thoughts being fortunately inaudible to his neighbors.

"Hark away," came at last; and, like a string of beads, when the string is broken, "the field" were speeding after the hounds and their quarry.

Like most colonists, Hubert was a good, if not a graceful, rider, and was well mounted on a serviceable hunter; for Mr. Vivian's stables, like everything else about the Hall, had been admirably appointed.

The master had cast an approving glance at the newcomer's firm seat and steady hands, although it was rather a disappointment to note that Hubert had no apparent desire to "ride straight," and was not above availing himself of a handy gate to avoid an awkward leap, or even of making a detour for the sake of a convenient bit of turnpike road.

In truth, Hubert, who had ridden more than one race with death during his colonial career, saw no possible reason for risking himself or his horse in a mad scamper after a fox; and having attended the meet purely out of complaisance to his new neighbors, had no intention of dashing over ditches and hedge and gate, on the back of a horse whom he had only mounted that morning, and of whose manners he found himself ignorant.

An exhilarating gallop over the open was all very well, but as the chase ran over less attractive ground, Hubert was well content to let the field sweep past him, and even to drop out of sight without reluctance.

"I have done my duty for to-day, at any rate," reflected the new squire, mentally adding the profane reflection, "and what rot the whole thing is after all."

"Memnon," the horse, picked up his ears and looked wistfully after the distant red coats. It was not thus that his former owners had followed the hounds; and, though his rider, on turning his head to a convenient stretch of open common, indulged him with as hearty a gallop over the smooth turf as ever a horse could desire, still this was but a repetition of the exercising over the downs, familiar to Memnon when a foal at the trainer's, and lacked all the pomp and glorious circumstance in which a good hunter, like his rider, takes such delight when the pair speed merrily after the hounds.

Could Memnon have spoken, he might have uttered many contemptuous reflections upon his new owner, for all his light hands and well poised balance in the saddle. But Stanton was fortunately ignorant, both of the spoken criticisms of the field before him, and the silent reflections of the horse beneath him.

The brief November afternoon was beginning to draw in, when Stanton suddenly realised that he had lost his way. This was no very alarming incident in an English rural neighborhood, as the ex-colonist reflected with a smile, remembering what "lost in the bush" had once stood for in one of his own earlier experiences.

A very brief ride in any direction now must bring him to a cottage or to some passer-by who could direct him homewards; whither the falling rain and gathering mist decide him to ride, as soon as he knew in which direction the Hall lay.

"I wish I knew which way to take," said Stanton to himself, halting at the junction of four cross roads, one of which skirted a coppice for some distance.

Suddenly—had she emerged from the wood?—Stanton observed a lady, mounted upon a very powerful-looking black horse, slowly passing down this road, some little way before him. The figure looked shadowy in the twilight, but was distinctly visible.

To call after the lady seemed discourteous, but Stanton quickened his horse's pace, intending to ride up and ask her to direct him, or rather would have quickened it but for Memnon's strange behavior.

The old groom at the Hall had given his horse the highest character for temper as well as for spirit.

"You may ride him in a skein of wool, so to speak, and he ain't to be beat hereabouts for taking a fence or a hedge," was this worthy's eulogium; praise certainly hitherto justified by the hunter's behavior.

But now Memnon, who had previously evinced a decided reluctance to turn into the narrow lane by the coppice, came to an absolute deadlock when within a few dozen yards of the solitary horsewoman, and neither whip nor spur could urge him one step onward.

Stanton had had too much experience of vicious horses abroad to lose his temper with his recalcitrant steed, though, at the same time, he was "not going to be beat by a jibber," as he mentally remarked.

By mingled coaxing and authority he strove to force the animal to proceed, and after some while succeeded in inducing the horse to move forward, but too late to accomplish his intention of asking his way.

On looking down the road, he saw that the lady had disappeared, having doubtless ridden out of sight while he and Memnon were settling their quarrel.

"I may as well ride after the girl all the same; I shall catch her up in a minute or two," thought the young man, urging on his still reluctant steed.

For, though Memnon now consented to advance along the road, the animal did so with an odd and suspicious air, sniffing again and again, and starting aside at every rustle or movement in the leafless boughs amid which the rain was beginning to patter heavily.

"If I were in the Transvaal, in laager, I should say that there were wild animals prowling about, and that the brute knew it," thought Stanton, puzzled by the hunter's singular conduct. "But what can Memnon be frightened of here, for frightened of something I believe he is."

Nervousness is infectious even from beast to man, and, absurd as he knew the sensation to be, Stanton felt a disagreeable eerieness steal over him as he rode down the dark lane overhung by the trees from the spinney, and experienced a sensation of relief as the road emerged upon a broad track of moorland.

Here, a little way in front, was the strange horsewoman still riding serenely on, her tall graceful figure showing distinct against the sky.

Hubert suddenly remembered that he had certainly not seen this girl at the meet. He had noted that all the ladies there wore hats much resembling those of the men, while the horsewoman before him was more gracefully, if less fashionably attired, with a riding dress of ample drapery, and a shady hat with a long drooping feather.

She sat her horse to perfection, and the animal she rode was a noble specimen of his kind. The lady and her steed were moving swiftly forward, but with a kind of gliding motion, and, perhaps, owing to the softness of the turf, no sound of hoofs was heard.

Again Memnon came to an abrupt pause, but only for a moment. As if resolved to show himself possessed of every variety of equine vice, the "jibber" suddenly transformed himself into a "bolter."

Laying back his ears the horse made a sudden dash forwards, apparently startling the lady's steed before him, for this animal also broke into a gallop. Wildly, madly did Memnon career along despite his rider's efforts to stop him, and equally wildly did the horse-woman ahead gallop away.

At least, as Stanton remarked, the lady seemed by no means disconcerted by the mad pace at which she was riding, and the road being level and clear, he decided to give Memnon his head and let him tire himself out with his gallop.

On, on, sped the riders, the lady still keeping well ahead, and Stanton reflected on what a singular race he was thus, in a way, running. It was amazing to him that the girl appeared to make no effort to check or control her steed, which was galloping at as great or even a greater rate of speed than was Memnon.

Only once before in his life had Stanton ridden at such a pace, and that was when racing from the flames of a burning prairie, when his horse like himself had understood that death would be the penalty of delay.

The speed he was making was already beginning to distress the gallant hunter which Stanton bestrode; yet the animal persisted in pressing on, though with heaving flanks and panting breath; but the girl on the black horse was skimming on in front as lightly and as rapidly as a bird.

A strange sudden terror began to assail Stanton, a sensation which he could not explain.

"There is some devilry here," he exclaimed, suddenly making a frantic effort to pull up his horse.

As if the words had caught her ear, the girl turned round and waved her hand to the young man as though in ironical greeting, and, sick with horror, Stanton staggered in his saddle, and slipped to the

ground. For the pale and beautiful face turned upon him was that of the dead.

Freed from his rider Memnon made a desperate leap forwards. Stanton, as he fell heavily on the heath, knew no more.

* * * * * *

Was it minutes or hours before the young man recovered consciousness, and found himself, uninjured save by a few bruises, lying on the quiet heath, with no trace of his own horse or of that awful rider and her phantom steed? The rain had ceased, the clouds cleared away, and the stars were bright above him.

Staggering to his feet, Stanton looked about for Memnon, and walked forward in search of the animal. A few steps brought him to the edge of a very deep chalk pit, and here, by the light of the rising moon, Stanton beheld his good hunter lying motionless at the bottom of the declivity.

He cautiously made his way down the precipitous sides of the chalk pit to discover, as he had expected, that the horse had broken its neck in its fall, and was stone dead.

Of that other rider there was no trace. How he stumbled up the pit again, how he found his way home (only about a mile or two distant, as it proved) Stanton never clearly knew; but he arrived at the Hall late in the evening, worn-out and exhausted, to the great relief of the alarmed servants, some of whom had already sallied out in various directions to look for him.

Old Larry Owen, the Irish butler, who had lived in the family in Sir Antony's days, had provided a comfortable meal and a blazing fire to meet his weary master; and Stanton sank thankfully into the arm-chair beside the snug hearth, and ate and drank with avidity before entering into details regarding his adventures.

"I don't know what ailed the brute," he remarked, after telling Larry how Memnon had first jibbed, then bolted. "He raced like mad after a lady on a black horse."

Seated comfortably in his own home, the supernatural terror which had attacked him died away, and Stanton had succeeded in persuading himself that the face he had fancied he had beheld was a mere illusion brought before his dazzling eyes by the fall from his horse.

But Larry's behavior startled him again. The old butler turned as pale as death, dropped a spoon he was about to lay on the table, and crossed himself fervently.

"Saints preserve us!" he said, in a trembling voice, "and is she walking again? Aye, 'tis the 20th day of November, sure enough."

"What do you mean, you old simpleton?" said Stanton, testily, annoyed to find a kind of confirmation thus given to the apparition which he was trying to disbelieve.

It was only after much coaxing and questioning that Larry could be induced to relate his tale; given, at last, with many shakings of the head, and devout appeals to the "powers above." Briefly told, the facts were these:—

Sir Anthony Wellwood, who had been left a widower very shortly after his marriage, had but one child—a daughter. Her sex had been a grievous disappointment to her father, who had never particularly cared about her, and had left her to "run wild," as the neighbors phrased it.

Diana Wellwood grew up an extremely beautiful girl—proud and wilful, with little education save what she had picked up from a succession of inferior and cheap governesses, who tarried in turn at the Hall until their pupil quarrelled with them, or they wearied of the situation.

Like her classic namesake, Diana was devoted to sport, she loved dogs and horses, was a fearless rider, and, indeed, was "a sight too much in the stables," as old Larry sighed.

As long as she was not in his way, Sir Antony took very little heed how his daughter occupied her time; and Diana was suffered to ride about the country when and where she liked, sometimes attended by her young groom, more often alone, picking up acquaintances as she listed and doing as she pleased.

"The saints above only know that there was no harm in the poor darlint, barrin' just ignorance and girl nonsense," went on old Larry. "No, I'll never believe it. But I will always say if trouble and sorrow had come, it would have been Sir Antony's own doin'—bein' up in town, diceing and betting, and leavin' his fine handsome young daughter here alone with only a silly colleen about her own age, companion they called her, to keep her company. Poor motherless bairn!"

Sir Antony's embarrassments had long ago cut him off from the expenses of entering into any local society.

He had latterly, as Larry remarked, spent much of his time in London, where he kept up a small bachelor flat to which he was constantly running up, and was satisfied, having provided her with a chaperon, who was half maid and half companion, to "keep her company," to leave his daughter at the Hall, as he had done in her juvenile days, forgetful that Diana was now no longer a child but a woman, and a very beautiful one.

Diana herself was apparently satisfied to remain in the old solitude and obscurity, even after her eighteenth birthday had passed—a date when maidens of her rank in life usually look to come out in society.

It happened by chance that Sir Antony was one day riding with his daughter, and overtook a gentleman whose horse had met with an accident.

Recognizing the dismounted equestrian as a neighbor—a young nobleman who had recently inherited an estate near—Sir Antony had courteously offered the shelter of his stable, which was close at hand, to the lame steed; an offer gladly accepted by the animal's owner, who had been greatly struck by Diana's lovely face.

The acquaintance thus accidentally made, rapidly ripened into intimacy, until local society was startled to learn that the best match of the country had fallen to the lot of Diana Wellwood.

Lord Wyvern was very young, new to the neighborhood, and desperately in love with his beautiful fiancee; if any spiteful or envious whispers reached his ears, he was utterly deaf and incredulous to them.

The two young people were engaged, and all seemed to be going smoothly, until one day Mr. Vivian, who occasionally visited Sir Anthony on business matters, came to the Hall.

Strangely enough Mr. Vivian had been intimately acquainted with Lord Wyvern's father, and had been one of the young man's trustees during his minority; his work having only terminated about a twelvemonth before, when the young nobleman had attained his majority.

Diana Wellwood had always nourished a strange dislike to Mr. Vivian. He was a widower, and had persecuted her to marry him. But she turned a deaf ear to all his advances, until at last he threatened he would be revenged upon her.

Diana mistrusted him, and, rightly or wrongly, accused him of intentionally assisting her father to add to his embarrassments in order to obtain more complete control over his affairs.

"Father, that man is coveting the estate, and means to force you to sell it to him," the girl had exclaimed one day, with an odd outburst of worldly wisdom, born perhaps of her precious "knocking about" in all kinds of company.

Sir Antony had pooh-poohed at her for a foolish child, but had not altogether forgotten her words.

"I hate that man; I know he is my enemy," the girl had once cried to her companion; who remembered the words afterwards.

No one ever knew the actual facts of the events which culminated in so awful a tragedy.

Mr. Vivian arrived at the Hall one day to transact business with Sir Antony, and the latter exultantly announced his daughter's brilliant prospects.

"Then I heard Mr. Vivian say out, 'That shall never be,'" said old Larry, "and he and the masther whisked into the study; and there, *for* over an hour was they under lock and key. What lies Mr. Vivian trumped up, I don't know, but at last the masther broke out like a madman roaring for Miss Di to go to him, and she went down the passage with a face as white as death. I'm—— Well," continued the old butler, with a burst of candor, "I'll be true with your honor; I just hid myself round the corner of the passage to wait—and listen. And there was loud and angry words in the study, and angry and indignant answers from Miss Di, and then presently"—and Larry broke off to cross himself devoutly—"the door was flung open, and I heard Sir Antony's voice—an awful thing to hear—cursing his own child. He was a violent man, your honor; and, saving your presence, always more ready with his curses than his prayers. Miss Diana walked out of the room with her head high and her face white and set. Then she turned on the threshold and spoke; not to her father, but to Mr. Vivian.

"'You have done all this,' she said; 'my father has cursed me, and I now curse you. May the evil you have brought on me be repaid upon you and your descendants. I leave this house which my father tells me I have disgraced,' and she laughed such an awful laugh, 'leave it to-day for ever.' Sir, I never set eyes upon the poor distraught creature alive again."

"She committed suicide?"

"Accidental death, the jintlemen as the jury brought it in," said Larry drily. "The poor darlint had just come in from her ride, when her father called to her, and she walked straight back to the door where her horse was still waiting, and jumped on his back and rode away.

I was too amazed like to stop her. She was found—some hours afterwards—she and her horse together, lying dead at the bottom of the chalk pit, where I believe your honor saw her this very blessed night. Then Sir Antony went abroad, and Mr. Vivian bought the estate.

"The 'accident,' as they called it, happened just fifteen years ago this very day. And, sir," added the old man, coming closer to Stanton, and sinking his voice to a whisper, "it's just a year agone to-day since young Mr. Arthur met his 'accident'—out riding—and to-day, you."

"The curse was a good many years taking effect, at least," said Stanton, with an attempt to laugh off the matter.

"Sir," said the old man, solemnly, "if that young lady's wild words were heard above, the curse fell just at the time when it would come heaviest.

"Mr. Vivian wouldn't have sorrowed so much to have lost his son earlier, as he did just when he was his pride and his joy; and the poor young jintleman, afther making the grand marriage, too, as all folks said. It's my belief," added Larry with another shake of his head, "that she led the young masther—as she tried to do your honor—into takin' the leap that killed him."

"Perhaps my uncle was right in what he did, after all," said Stanton sturdily.

"That's as may be, sir; I'm not poor Miss Diana's judge, nor the late masther's either. But the poor young colleen was, anyway, deeply sinned against—and may Heaven rest her soul," and Larry withdrew from the apartment.

Whether the apparition Stanton believed he had seen was real or imaginary, the young man's adventure in the hunting-field resulted in a sharp attack of fever, "the result of the shock of the fall," as the doctor opined, and Stanton was silent regarding any other "shock" which his nerves had received on the occasion.

He never alluded to the subject again, even to old Larry. But during some weeks of confinement to the house, the ex-colonist had ample time to weary of rural life in England—in the winter—and his first visit to London was to instruct his lawyers not to let, but if possible to sell, a property to which he had—for various reasons—conceived a strong dislike.

Much to the regret of the neighborhood the new squire—from whom better things had been looked for—left Fenceshire almost as soon as he had come to it; and, worst of all, sold the estate to what the M.F.H. irreverently called "three old tabbies," a trio of wealthy maiden ladies who wished to settle down in a country place.

They were "serious," and set their faces against all manner of amusements, so the county was no better off for society than when Sir Antony had occupied the Hall.

"They talk of bequeathing the estate to a nephew, I hear," grumbled the disconsolate chief of the hunt, "so perhaps—one day—we shall have a decent subscriber again at the Hall.

"But the old ladies are as tough as nails, and the eldest isn't much over seventy, so there's not much good likely to come to the hunt from that quarter during my mastership."

If, as old Larry believed, poor Diana's restless spirit "walked" (or rode) still, it was not likely to harm the present owners of the Hall.

They seldom ever used any other vehicle than the pony carriage, in which they pottered about the estate, distributing tracts and good advice among all the cottagers.

The "curse" may have ended with the vacation of the (perhaps rather ill-gotten) estate by the Vivian family.

In any case, there was no further tradition of the reappearance of the spectral horsewoman which Mr. Stanton always believed he had seen by the copplce that November afternoon.

In countless different ways people misunderstand each other, attribute to others motives which never actuated them, and then respond by their own conduct to the mistaken image they have set up. The real faults of character and the real defects of conduct which are present among us are as nothing compared with those imaginary ones which are attributed to people wholly through misunderstanding.

Scientific and Useful.

Life Saving.—Life-savers are now experimenting with a sheet-iron kite, designed to enable distressed ships to communicate with the shore.

Surgical Aid.—Mr. Lawson Tait, the well-known Birmingham doctor, has designed an instrument whereby the electric current is applied for the surgical arrest of bleeding.

The Eye.—The moisture of the eye is a genuine solvent. Many persons have gone to bed troubled with a foreign substance in the eye, and have waked up in the morning to find it gone. In many cases of this kind the foreign matter has been dissolved by the moisture of the eye.

Cement.—It is said that a good cement for joining parts of apparatus, etc., which is permanently solid and waterproof, and which resists heat, oils, and acids, is made by mixing concentrated glycerine with finely-powdered litharge to a thick paste. Glass, metal, and wood can be cemented together with it.

Smoke.—By far the best method of suppressing the smoke nuisance is to improve the combustion in a furnace. A device recently tried in Glasgow consists of a door of peculiar construction that sets up eddies in the gases, and thus delays the progress of the smoke until it has been burned up. Practical tests showed the most satisfactory results.

Temperature.—A new invention is an electrical apparatus in which sounds are produced by the changes in the circuit due to variations of temperature. Its use is to measure temperature in a distant or inaccessible place; at the bottom of a pond, for instance. For obtaining deep-sea temperatures it is useful, and it may also prove of great service in the ventilation of buildings, for by this instrument the temperature of any room in a building can be registered on a dial placed in the hall. The scientific uses of the thermophone, as it is called, are obvious, and it will be of great aid to physicists in determining the fluctuations in the temperature of the soil and the difference in temperature between the water at the surface and that at the bottom of ponds or lakes.

Farm and Garden.

Fruit.—If one-half of the fruit of a heavily laden tree is removed by picking, the remainder will be of better quality and also produce as many bushels as though all of the fruit had remained on the tree.

The Collar.—Upon the fitting of the collar depends much of the work done by the horse. While a collar may not cause sores, yet it may be very uncomfortable. The collar, and also the harness, should be made to fit the horse perfectly.

Stacking.—It requires skill to properly stack hay or straw, and the work should not be entrusted to one who has had no experience, for upon the excellence of the work depends the security and protection of the crops from the weather.

Sheep Rot.—Dr. Saulis, a member of the Pasteur Institute of Algiers, has just discovered a vaccine which will prevent sheep rot. He has made many experiments, which he declares to be conclusive. All of the vaccinated sheep got a very mild attack of the disease and recover.

Feeding.—A lazy individual has invented a device for automatically feeding his horse, and this he has done by means of an alarm clock. He has found that his horse wants to be fed at a time when he wants to be in bed, and this has been arranged for by connecting the alarm with a slide, which allows the grain to run through a shoot into the manger.

Insecticides.—Arsenate of lead is a new insecticide, and was discovered in 1892 in Massachusetts, in the attempt to exterminate the gipsy moth. When used in proportions of from 1½ to 4 pounds to 150 gallons of water it can be safely applied to plants. It leaves a white coating on the trees, thus indicating the leaves that have been sprayed, and it does not injure plants. It is also cheaper than Paris green.

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Of Fault-Finding.

Fault-finding is a luxury in which we all may—and probably do—participate. It requires a great and searching effort of imagination to picture anybody so good or so despairing, bereft, or ignorant as to have no spirit left for finding fault. To get clear of the habit we must rise above it into a high clear atmosphere of charity and allowance for human failings; we cannot sink down by fancy into a state in which fault-finding is no longer possible.

We usually think of fault-finding as busying itself with a multitude of small concerns; but it often launches out upon the widest possible scale. Quite a large number of people talk as if they could have made an immense improvement on the general scheme of things had they been consulted. They feel themselves able to give points to Providence.

It is rather curious that men who cultivate this tone of intellectual and moral arrogance are usually either young and ignorant, or are in the still more dangerously cocksure state of having a little—a very little—knowledge and education, and fancying that they know all.

One of the oddest features of fault-finding, especially when it takes high flights, is that the people who indulge in it, those who arraign the natural history of the world and the collective wisdom of their fellows, do so without any thought of how they individually would bear a similar scorching criticism.

The ne'er-do-well, who never fairly tackled an honest week's work in his life—either from lack of stomach for exertion or from want of skill—feels that he is quite entitled to find fault in his slip-shod ease with the best thought and effort of his generation. Indeed, as a rule, the incorrigible fault-finders are not the workers, for the workers are too busy trying to put into practice any better plans that they think they have discovered, and consequently have not time to waste on wild and wandering cries.

But before we drift farther in the direction of a wholesale condemnation of fault-finding, we had better mark off the evil from allowable methods of calling attention to imperfections. There are at least two stages on the way towards fault-finding which no one will condemn—namely, correction and dignified reproof. It is obvious that wherever training is proceeding—and where is it not going on among sensible people?—there must be no hesitation in calling attention to shortcomings, or progress will be very slow.

Of course there are short-sighted people in plenty who resent every hint that their work is not all that it ought to be, and who do not stay, before they are indignant, to mark the shades of difference in feeling between those who presume to criticise kindly and those who find fault blankly. This resentment against suggestion is a temper that stamps a man or woman as mediocre, and content to be mediocre.

What hope is there for the self-sufficient man who cannot bear to think his work is open to improvement in the eyes of others? There is no hope; but there is almost a certainty that he is so blinded by conceit or sore from self-consciousness as to be unable to pass upon his own work the criticism from which he debars other people.

Nobody has a right to resent criticism until he is certain that he has done his best. After that point is reached, criticism may become an unnecessary finding of fault with a man's natural limitations, as though one were to blame him for the shape of his nose or his length of limb.

But when can one be assured that he has done his best? Certainly not while he is young, or until he has had leisure to put forth deliberately his full powers after they been brought under control by experience and long trial. Satisfaction is fatal. When criticism stops, we stop. That is true up and down the scale of human endeavor; and it is better to bear a little disagreeable cavilling in the shape even of ill-natured fault-finding than to become restive under criticism and correction.

The men who have approached nearest to perfection in their work will generally be found to be those who have had the keenest sense of the faults of their performances, and yet a hopefulness that would not be discouraged. They have recognized the difference between correction for the sake of improvement and the fault-finding that gratifies a love of rebuke. Perhaps it is seldom that our subject is regarded in this serious way.

Usually we think of fault-finding only as an ebullition of quick or variable temper, a means of escape for a fit of impatience that ought to have been kept in check. We regard it as dealing chiefly with small things. It is true that the power of annoyance in small things is often altogether disproportionate to their value. The sweetest-tempered of men will suddenly develop an unlooked-for irritability when something goes wrong with his studs or buttonholes. That such a paltry matter should have the power of delaying him at an important moment is intensely irritating. He would suffer a serious check of his plans with more equanimity.

The very smallness of the impediment adds to the annoyance, as grit in the shoe is more disagreeable than a boulder underfoot, though the latter may endanger a limb. He at once begins to think whether this trivial interference could not have been prevented by foresight, and so easily discovers an excuse for breaking out into fault-finding. This natural law of annoyance at trifles that thwart the will in inverse ratio to their importance accounts for the beginning of a good deal of fault-finding, and habit does the rest.

One of the considerations that has recommended fault-finding to certain disagreeable people is that it gives an air of self-importance to the pompous and snowy. Who does not know the man who, traveling by rail, takes the officials to task for the smallest deficiencies, until the more simple-minded of his fellow-passengers think he is a director at least?

It is the same man who habitually worries the waiters wherever he dines, and explains that he believes in "keeping these people up to the mark." It is rather curious that this exacting and uncomfortable fellow usually extorts the deference and attention that he desires so long as he is financially able to play the superior; but, should he fail, there is no man more promptly and vigorously kicked.

Religion, as popularly understood, is an authorized field for fault-finding. On the one hand are many who, feeling convinced that they are virtuous beyond the average, look with a natural sharpness of judgment upon those who are less careful in their walk and conversation. On the other hand there are the many who, whether they do or do not acknowledge their religious neighbors as better than themselves, feel inclined to resent any assumption of moral superiority, and to pick holes.

Of course we do not imply that people who engage in a cross fire of fault-finding over the ground of religion represent a majority, but they are sufficiently numerous to arrest the attention as types of those who do not "gently scan their fellow man." Persistent fault-finding of this and of every other kind—the fault-finding of irritability is seldom persistent—must be regarded as the outcome of a narrow and ungenerous nature, for every word spoken in disparagement presupposes pain on the part of the one against whom the disparagement is launched.

The kind-hearted and charitable often feel it a sore task to administer such correction and reproof as are absolutely necessary. They have to call up thoughts of duty and justice to reinforce their resolution when fault-finding, however gentle, can no longer be wisely withheld. Of kind-heartedness or callousness, self-forgetfulness or self-importance, a wise sense of duty or indolent ease, there are few better general tests than the way in which we practice, or avoid, or delicately use the indulgence of finding fault.

LET parents talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house may be in many respects a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being shut up there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger.

THE real elevation of which man is capable never leaves him as it found him. It may or may not affect his surroundings, but it will always raise his character and transform him into a better or wiser or nobler man. No one can do this for him. It must be done, if at all, by the action of an inward force, enhancing his powers, uplifting his thoughts, purifying his feelings, and elevating his aims.

IT is noble to bear like a hero the calamities of life, but it is ignoble to continue to suffer under them when the time has arrived to triumph over them; and only an intelligent view of each case can reveal when that time has arrived.

PEOPLE are apt to comfort themselves with the thought that forgetfulness is a failing, not a vice; yet they should remember the maxim that vice ruins its tens, folly its hundreds, but forgetfulness its thousands.

I AM convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial.

NEVER refuse to attend to your friend's mode of pointing out your error. Enter without reserve into his mode of reasoning; the quicker will you succeed in detecting the fallacy, whether it is on your side or on his.

IT is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, be he the very meanest, have an end.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

GOSSIP.—Libel is written; slander spoken; both consist in writing or saying something of another person likely to hold up to ridicule or injure him in his business or social position.

W. E. G.—The City of the Violet Crown is Athens; so-called from its being situated in the centre of the plain of Attica and surrounded by a ring of hills, except upon the south—which looks towards the ocean; and at the sun-setting those hills take the most marvelous violet tints.

RUFFLE.—The word Semitic is used to distinguish certain Oriental peoples of distinct racial characteristics. The Jews are the best known of the Semites or Semitic race. The other race to which the mass of the inhabitants of India, Europe, and America belong is the Indo European or Aryan race.

PET.—Henry VIII. had six wives, viz., Catharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catharine Howard and Catharine Parr, who survived him. His first and fourth wives were divorced from him. Jane Seymour died a natural death, and Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard were beheaded.

W. D.—"Arms," so called because originally displayed upon defensive armor, and "coats of arms," because formerly embroidered upon the surcoat or cassis worn over armor, are supposed to have been first used at the great German tournaments, and to have reached England, though to a very moderate extent, in the time of Henry II. and Cœur de Lion. Armorial bearings were once of real use and importance, and so continued as long as knights were cased in plate, and their features were thus concealed.

L. D. T.—The Russian standard is a double-headed eagle, with a shield as its body, containing the representation of St. George and the Dragon. A Russian man-of-war flag has a blue St. Andrew's cross on a white ground. The Russian Union Jack has a blue St. Andrew's cross and a white St George's cross on a red ground. The Russian merchant vessel carries a tricolor flag, the colors being arranged horizontally, with blue in the middle, the red below, and the white above. In the French tricolor they are vertical, with white in the middle, the blue next the staff, and the red outside.

E. G.—"Flying-squirrels," so called, are provided with a lateral membrane attached to the body and the wrists, which they spread when they wish to make a leap. This they they can do to the distance of ten or twelve yards. Strictly speaking, they do not fly. It is seldom seen in the day-time, but usually comes out at sunset and leaps from tree to tree far into the night. It is eight or ten inches long, and is yellowish-brown above and white below. It lives chiefly on nuts, grains, and seeds, but eats also young birds and eggs. It is easily tamed. It is found all through the Eastern United States.

R. A. A.—Genuine ebony is far too costly; so it is not real ebony that is used in furniture—save in very expensive pieces. "Ebonized" wood is the substitute. Any close-grained wood can be used. The preparation is to boil, in a glazed vessel, with water, four ounces of gall-nuts, one ounce of logwood chips, half an ounce of vitriol, and the same of crystallized verdigris; filter while warm. The wood is brushed a number of times with the hot solution. Thus stained black, the wood is then coated two or three times—being allowed to dry completely after each coating—with a solution of one ounce of iron filings in a quart of good wine vinegar. This is to be prepared hot and allowed to cool before use.

W. H. A.—The aboriginal inhabitants of England were called Britons, and were invaded by Cæsar about fifty years before the Christian era. Subsequently the old inhabitants, upon the abandonment of the country by the Romans, called in the Saxons, who conquered the whole except Wales. The Saxons formed seven kingdoms, called the Heptarchy, each of which had its separate chief, until 827, when Egbert completed the conquest of the whole. About 900, the Danes possessed themselves of the whole kingdom, which they held until Alfred forced them from the country. At the beginning of the 11th century the whole country had gain to submit to the Danes. In 1041 the Saxon line was restored in the person of Edward the Confessor, but the Normans, under William the Conqueror, defeated the Saxons at Hastings, in 1066, and took possession of the realm. In 1283 Wales was subdued by Edward I., and united to England, Llewellyn, their last king, being slain.

CHEMIST.—What is called liquid glue is made by slowly adding nitric acid to the ordinary preparation of glue in the proportion of ten ounces of strong acid to two pounds of dry glue dissolved in a quart of water. The product is a strong glue, which remains in a liquid state, and may be thus kept for years always ready for use. Marine glue is a preparation of caoutchouc dissolved in naphtha or oil of turpentine, with the addition of shellac after the solution has by standing several days acquired the consistency of cream; two or three parts by weight of shellac are used for one of the solution. The composition is then heated and run into plates, and when used it is heated to the temperature of about 250 degrees F. It possesses extraordinary adhesive properties, and being quite insoluble in water, it has been recommended as a material for fastening together the timbers of ships; so securely are those held by its application that it is said they will sooner break across the fibres than separate at the joint.

SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY I. P. D.

Out on the storm tossed ocean of life
We are each of us sailing a craft;
With Conscience as helmsman, and Hope at the prow,
And the past, with its errors, abaft.

Each day some poor, frail bark goes down
On the rocks that are hidden from sight;
But the vessel that's staunch and true, we know
Will weather the storms all right.

But the sunken rock—the thing unseen
That the green waves cover and hide—
Well may the heart of the mariner quail
When he dreams of what may betide.

For the sunken rocks are our dearest sins,
And the life-tide covers them o'er,
But the chart we have should guide us aright
To that port we shall leave nevermore.

The Haunted Station.

BY H. M.

IT looked as if a curse rested upon it, even under that glorious southern morn which transformed all that it touched into old oak and silver-bronze.

I use the term silver-bronze, because I can think of no other combination to express that peculiar bronzy tarnish, like silver that has lain covered for a time, which the moonlight in the tropics gives to the near objects upon which it falls—tarnished silver surfaces and deep sepia-tinted shadows.

I felt the weird influence of that curse even as I crawled into the gully that led to it; a shiver ran over me as one feels when they say some stranger is passing over your future grave; a chill gripped at my vitals as I glanced about me apprehensively, expectant of something ghoulish and unnatural to come upon me from the sepulchral gloom and mystery of the overhanging boulders under which I was dragging my wearied limbs.

A deathly silence brooded within this rut-like and treeless gully that formed the only passage from the arid desert over which I had struggled, famishing and desperate; where it led to I neither knew nor cared, so that it did not end in a cul-de-sac.

At last I came to what I least expected to see in that part, a house of two stories, with the double gables facing me, as it stood on a mound in front of a water-hole, the mellow full moon behind the shingly roof, and glittering whitely as it repeated itself in the still water against the inky blackness of the reflections cast by the denser masses of the house and vegetation about it.

It seemed to be a wooden erection, such as squatters first raise for their homesteads after they have decided to stay; the intermediate kind of station, which takes the place of the temporary shanty while the proprietor's bank account is rapidly swelling, and his children are being educated in the city boarding schools to know their own social importance.

By and by, when he is out of the mortgagee's hands, he may discard this comfortable house, as he has done his shanty, and go in for stateliness and stone-work, but to the tramp or the bushranger, the present house is the most welcome sight, for it promises to the one shelter, and to the other a prospect of loot.

There was a verandah round the basement that stood clear above the earth on piles, with a broad ladder stair leading down to the garden walk which terminated at the edge of the pool or water hole; under the iron roofing of the verandah I could make out the vague indications of French doors that led to the reception rooms, etc., while above them were bedroom windows, all dark with the exception of one of the upper windows, the second one from the end gable, through which a pale greenish light streamed faintly.

Behind the house, or rather from the centre of it, as I afterwards found out, projected a gigantic and lifeless gum tree, which spread its fantastic limbs and branches wildly over the roof, and behind that again a mass of chaotic and planted greenery, all softened and generalized in the thin silvery mist which emanated from the pool and hovered over the ground.

At the first glance it appeared the abode of a romantic owner, who had fixed upon a picturesque site, and afterwards devoted himself to making it comfortable as well as beautiful.

He had planted creepers and trained them over the walls, passion-fruit and vines clung closely to the posts and trellis work and broke the square outlines of windows and angles, a wild tangle of shrubs and flowers covered the mound in front and trailed into the water without much order, so that it looked like the abode of an imaginative poet rather than the station of a practical money-grubbing squatter.

As I quitted the desolate and rock-bound gully and entered upon this romantic domain, I could not help admiring the artful manner in which the owner had left Nature alone where he could do so; the gum trees which he had found there were still left as they must have been for ages, great trees shooting up hundreds of feet into the air, some of them gaunt and bald with time, others with their leafage still in a flourishing condition, while the more youthful trees were springing out of the fertile soil in all directions, giving the approach the appearance of an English park, particularly with the heavy night dew that glistened over them.

But the chill was still upon me that had gripped me at the entrance of the gully, and the same lifeless silence brooded over the house, garden, pool and forest which had awed me amongst the boulders, so that as I paused at the edge of the water and regarded the house, I again shuddered as if spectres were round me, and murmured to myself, "Yes, it looks like a place upon which has fallen a curse."

* * * * * *

Two years before this night, I had been tried and condemned to death for murder, the murder of the one I loved best on earth, but, through the energy of the press and the intercession of a number of influential friends, my sentence had been mercifully commuted to transportation for life in Western Australia.

The victim, whom I was proved by circumstantial evidence to have murdered, was my young wife, to whom I had been married only six months before; ours was a love match, and until I saw her lying stark before me, those six months had been an uninterrupted honeymoon, without a cloud to cross it, a brief term of heaven, which accentuated the after misery.

I was a medical practitioner in a small country village which I need not name, as my supposed crime ran through England. My practice was new but growing, so that, although not too well off, we were fairly comfortable as to position, and, as my wife was modest in her desires, we were more than contented with our lot.

I suppose the evidence was strong enough to place my guilt beyond a doubt to those who could not read my heart and the heart of the woman I loved more than life.

She had not been very well of late, yet, as it was nothing serious, I attended her myself; then the end came with appalling suddenness, a post-mortem examination proved that she had been poisoned, and that the drug had been taken from my surgery, by whom or for what reason is still a mystery to me, for I do not think I had an enemy in the world, nor do I think my poor darling had either.

At the time of my sentence, I had only one wish, and that was to join the victim of this mysterious crime, so that I saw the judge put on the fatal black cap with a feeling of pleasure, but when afterwards I heard it was to be transportation instead, then I flung myself down in my cell and hurled imprecations on those officious friends who had given me slavery and misery instead of release.

Where was the mercy in letting me have life, since all had been taken from it which made it worth holding?—the woman who had lain in my arms while together we built up glowing pictures of an impossible future, my good name lost, my place amongst men destroyed.

Henceforward I would be only recognized by a number, my companions the vilest, my days dragged out in chains until the degradation of my lot encrusted over that previous memory of tenderness and fidelity, and I grew to be like the other numbered felons, a mindless and emotionless animal.

Fortunately, at this point of my sufferings, oblivion came in the form of delirium, so that the weeks passed in a dream, during which my lost wife lived once more with me as we had been in the past, and by the time the ship's doctor pronounced me recovered, we were within a few days of our dreary destination. Then my wife went from me to her own place, and I woke up to find that I had made some friends amongst my fellow-convicts, who had taken care of me during my insanity.

We landed at Fremantle, and began our life, road-making, that is; each morning we were driven out of the prison like cattle chained together in groups, and kept in the open until sundown, when we were once more driven back to sleep.

For fourteen months this dull monotony of eating, working and sleeping went on without variation, and then the chance came that I had been hungering for all along; not that liberty was likely to do me much good, only that the hope of accomplishing it kept me alive.

Three of us made a run for it one afternoon, just before the gong sounded for our recall, whilst the rest of the gang, being in our confidence, covered our escape until we had got beyond gunshot distance. We had managed to file through the chain which linked us together, and we ran towards the bush with the broken pieces in our hands as weapons of defence.

My two comrades were desperate criminals, who, like myself, had been sentenced for life, and, as they confessed themselves, were ready to commit any atrocity rather than be caught and taken back.

That night and the next day we walked in a straight line about forty miles through the bush, and then, being hungry and tired, and considering ourselves fairly safe, we lay down to sleep without any thought of keeping watch.

But we had reckoned too confidently upon our escape, for about daybreak the next morning we were roused up by the sound of galloping horses, and, springing to our feet and climbing a gum tree, we saw a dozen of mounted police, led by two black trackers, coming straight in our direction. Under the circumstances there were but two things left for us to do, either to wait until they came and caught us, or run for it until we were beaten or shot down.

One of my companions decided to wait and be taken back, in spite of his bravado the night before; an empty stomach demoralizes most men; the other one made up his mind, as I did, to run as long as we could. We started in different directions, leaving our mate sitting under the gum tree, he promising to keep them off our track as long as possible.

The fact of him being there when the police arrived gave us a good start. I put all my speed out, and dashed along until I had covered, I daresay, about a couple of miles, when all at once the scrub came to an end, and before me I saw an open space, with another stretch of bush about half a mile distant, and no shelter between me and it.

As I stood for a few minutes to recover my breath, I heard two or three shots fired to the right, the direction my companion had taken, and on looking that way I saw that he also had gained the open, and was followed by one of the trackers and a couple of the police. He was still running, but I could see that he was wounded from the way he went.

Another shot was sent after him, that went straight to its mark, for all at once he threw up his arms and fell prone upon his face, then, hearing the sounds of pursuit in my direction, I waited no longer, but bounded full into the morning sunlight, hoping, as I ran, that I might be as lucky as he had been, and get a bullet between my shoulders and so end my troubles.

I knew that they had seen me, and were after me almost as soon as I had left the cover, for I could hear them shouting for me to stop, as well as the clatter of their horses' hoofs on the hard soil, but still I kept to my course, waiting upon the shots to sound which would terminate my wretched existence, my back-nerves quivering in anticipation and my teeth meeting in my under lip.

One!

Two!!

Two reports sounded in my ears; a second after the bullets had whistled past my head; and then, before the third and fourth reports came, something like hot iron touched me above my left elbow, while the other bullet whirred past me with a singing wail, cooling my cheek with the wind it raised, and then I saw it ricochet in front of me on the hill side, for I was going up a slight rise at the time.

I had no pain in my arm, although I knew that my humerus was splintered by that third last shot, but I put on a final spurt in order to tempt them to fire again.

What were they doing? I glanced over my shoulder as I rushed, and saw that they were spreading out, fan-like, and riding like fury, while they hurriedly reloaded. Once more they were taking aim at me, and then I looked again in front.

Before me yawned a gulf, the depth of which I could not estimate, yet in width it was over a hundred feet. My pursuers had been in this impediment also, for they were reining up their horses, while they shouted to me, more frantically than ever, to stop.

Why should I stop? flashed the thought across my mind as I neared the edge. Since their bullets had denied me the death I courted, why should I pause at the death spread out for me so opportunely?

Down into shadow from the sun-glare I dropped, the outer branches of a tree breaking with me as I fell through them, another obstacle caught me a little lower, and gave way under my weight, and then with an awful wrench, that nearly stunned me, I felt myself hanging by the remnant of the chain which was still rivetted to my waistband, about ten feet from the surface, and with a hundred and fifty feet of a drop below me before I could reach the bottom. The chain had somehow got entangled in a fork of the last tree through which I had broken.

Although that sudden wrench was excruciating, the exigency of my position compelled me to collect my faculties without loss of time.

Perhaps my months of serfdom and intercourse with felons had blunted my sensibility, and rendered me more callous to danger and bodily pain than I had been in my former and happier days, or the excitement of that terrible chase was still urging within me, for without more than a second's pause, and almost indifferent glance downwards to those distant boulders, I made a wild clutch with my unwounded arm at the branch which had caught me, and with an effort drew myself up to it, so that the next instant I was astride it, or rather crouching, where my loose chain had caught. Then, once more secure, I looked upwards to where I expected my hunters to appear.

When I think upon it now, it was a marvel how I ever got to be placed where I was, for I was under the shelving ledge from which I had leapt, that is, it spread over me like a roof, so that I must conclude that the first tier of branches must have bent inwards, and so landed me on to the second tree at a slant. At least, this is the only way in which I can account for my position.

The tree on which I sat grew from a crevice on the side of the precipice, and from the top could not be seen by those above, neither could I see them, although they looked down after me, but I could hear them plainly enough and what they said.

"That fellow has gone right enough, Jack, although I don't see his remains below; shall we try to get down and make sure?" I heard one say, while another replied:

"What's the good of wasting time; he's as dead as the other chap, after that drop, and they will both be picked clean enough, so let us get back to Fremantle with the living one, and report the other two as wiped out; we have a long enough journey before us sergeant."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered the sergeant. "Well, boys, we may say there are two promising bushrangers the less for this colony to support, so right about, home's the word."

I heard their horses wheel round and go off at a canter after this final speech, and when I was left alone on my airy perch, to plan out how best I was to get down with my broken arm, for it was impossible to get up, and also what I was likely to do with my liberty in that desolate region.

Desperate men are not very particular about the risks they run, and I ran not a few before I finally reached the bottom of that gulch, risky drops from one ledge to another, frantic clutchings at branches and tree roots; sufficient that I did reach the level ground at last more nearly dead than alive, so that I was fain to lie under the shadow of a boulder for hours without making an effort to rise and continue my journey.

Then, as night was approaching, I dragged myself along until I came to some water, where, after drinking and bracing up my broken arm with a few gum trunk shards, and binding them with some native grasses, while I made my supper of the young leaves of the eucalyptus bushes, I went on.

On, on, on for weeks, until I had lost all count of time, I wandered, carrying my broken fetters with me, and my broken arm gradually mending of its own accord. Sometimes I killed a snake or an iguana during the day with the branch I used for a stick, or a possum or wild cat at night, which I devoured raw. Often I existed for days on grass roots or the leaves of the

gum tree, anything was good enough to fill up the gap.

My convict garb was in tatters and my feet footless by this time, and my hair and beard hung over my shoulders and chest, while often I went for days in a semi-conscious state, for the fierce sun seemed to wither up my blood and set fire to my brain.

Where I was going I could not tell, and still, with all the privation and misery, the love of life was once again stronger in me than it had been since I had lost my place amongst civilized men, for I was at liberty and alone to indulge in fancy.

And yet it did not seem altogether fancy that my lost wife was with me on that journey. At first she came only when I lay down to sleep, but after a time she walked with me hand in hand during the day as well as in my dreams.

Dora was her name, and soon I forgot that she had been dead, for she was living and beautiful as ever as we went along together, day after day, speaking to each other like lovers as we used to speak, and she did not seem to mind my ragged, degraded costume, or my dirty, tangled beard, but caressed me with the same tenderness as of yore.

Through the bush, down lonely gullies, over bitter deserts and salt marshes, we passed as happy and affectionate as fond lovers could be who are newly married, and whom the world cannot part, my broken chain rattling as I staggered onward, while she smiled as if pleased with the music, because it was the chain which I was wearing for her dear sake.

Let me think for a moment—was she with me through that last desert before I came to that gloomy gully? I can not be quite sure of that, but this I do know, that she was not with me after the chill shadows of the boulders drew me into them, and I was quite alone when I stood by the water-hole looking upon that strange and silent house.

* * * * * *

It was singular that the house should be here at all in this far off and as yet unnamed portion of Western Australia, for I naturally supposed that I had walked hundreds of miles since leaving the convict settlement, and as I had encountered no one, not even a single tribe of wandering blacks, it seemed impossible to believe that I was not the first white man who had penetrated so far, and yet there it loomed before me, substantial-looking in its masses, with painted weatherboards, shingles, iron-sheeting, carved posts and trellis work, French windows, and the signs of cultivation about it, although bearing the traces of late neglect.

Was it inhabited? I next asked myself as I looked steadily at that dimly-illumined window; seemingly it was, for as I mentally asked the question, a darkness blotted out the light for a few moments and then moved slowly aside, while the faint pallor once more shone out; it appeared to be from the distance a window with a pale green blind drawn down, behind which a lamp turned low was burning, possibly some invalid who was restlessly walking about, while the rest of the household slept.

Would it be well to rouse them at this hour of the night? I next queried as I paused, watching the chimney tops from which no wreath of smoke came, for although it did not seem late, judging from the height of the moon, yet it was only natural to suppose that in this isolated place the people would retire early.

Perhaps it would be better to wait where I was till morning and see what they were like before I ventured to ask hospitality from them, in my ragged yet unmistakably convict dress. I would rather go on as I was than run the risk of being dragged back to prison.

How chilly the night vapors were which rose from this large pool, for it was more like the moat round some ancient ruin, than an ordinary Australian water-hole. How ominous the shadows that gathered over this dwelling, and which even the great and lustrous moon, now clear to the gable end, seemed unable to dissipate, and what a dismal effect that dimly-burning lamp behind the pale green blind gave to it.

I turned my eyes from the window to the pond from which the ghostly vapors were streaming upwards in such strange shapes; they crossed the reflections like grey shadows and floated over the white glitter which the moon cast down, like spectres following each other in a stately procession, curling upwards interlaced, while the gaunt trees behind them altered their shapes and looked demoniac in their fantastic outlines, shadows passing along and sending back doleful sighs, which I tried all my might to think was the night breeze but without succeeding.

Hush! was that a laugh which wafted from the house, a low, but blood-curdling cachinnation such as an exultant demon might utter who had witnessed his fell mischief accomplished, followed by the wail of a woman, intermixed with the cry of a child!

Ah! what a fool I was to forget the cry of the Australian king-fisher; of course that was it, of course, of course, but——

The shapes are thickening over that mirror-like pool, and as I look I see a woman with a chalk white face and eyes distended in horror, with a child in her hands—a little girl—and beside them the form of a man whose face changes into two different men, one the face of death, and the other like that of a demon with glaring eyeballs, while he points from the woman and child to the sleeping pool.

What is the devil-spectre pointing at, as he laughs once more while the woman and child shrink with affright?

The face that he wore a moment ago, the face of the dead man whom I can see floating amongst that silver lustre.

* * * * * *

I must have fainted at the weird visions of the night before, or else I may have fallen asleep and dreamt them, for when I opened my eyes again the morning sun was pouring over the landscape and all appeared changed.

The pool was still there, but it looked like a natural Australian water-hole which had been deepened and lengthened, and artificially lengthened, and artificially arranged by a tasteful proprietor to beautify his estate.

Water lilies grew around the edges and spread themselves in graceful patches about; it was only in the centre portion, where the moonlight had glinted and the other reflections cast themselves, that the water was clear of weeds, and there it still lay inky and dangerous-like in its chilly depth.

Over the building itself clustered a perfect tangle of vegetable parasites, Star-of-Bethlehem, Maiden-blush roses, and Gloire-de-Dijon, passion-flowers and convolvulus, intermingling with large grape-laden vines going to waste, and hanging about in half-wild, neglected festoons; a woman's hand had planted these tendrils, as well as the garden in front, for I could see that flowers predominated.

As for the house itself, it still stood silent and deserted-looking, the weatherboards had shrunk a good deal with the heat of many suns beating upon them, while the paint, once tasteful in its varied tints, was bleached into dry powder; the trellis-work also on the verandah had in many places been torn away by the weight of the clinging vines, and between the window-frames and the windows yawned wide fissures where they had shrunk from each other.

I looked round at the landscape, but could see no trace of sheep or cattle, or humanity; it spread out a sun-lit solitude where Nature, for a little while trained to order, had once more asserted her independent lavishness.

A little of my former awe came upon me as I stood for a few moments hesitating to advance, but at the sight of those luscious-looking bunches of grapes, which seemed to promise some fare more substantial inside, the dormant cravings for food which I had so long subdued came upon me with tenfold force, and, without more than a slight tremor of superstitious dread, I hurriedly crushed my way through the tangle of vegetation, and made for the verandah and open door of the hall.

Delicious grapes they were, as I found when, after tearing off a huge bunch, and eating them greedily, I entered the silent hall and began my exploration.

The dust and fine sand of many brick-fielders (sandstorms) lay thickly on every object inside, so that as I walked I left my footprints behind me as plainly as if I had been walking over snow. In the hall I found a handsome stand and carved table with chairs, a hat and riding whip lay on the table, while on the rack I saw two or three coats and hats hanging, with sticks and umbrellas beneath, all thickly coated with dust.

The dining-room door stood ajar, and as I entered I could see that it also had been undisturbed for months, if not for years. It had been handsomely furnished, with artistic hangings and stuffed leather chairs and couches, while on the elaborately carved chiffoniers was a plentiful supply of spirit and wine decanters, with cut glasses standing ready for use.

On the table stood a bottle of three star brandy, half emptied, and by its side a water-filter and glass as they had been left by the last user.

I smelt the bottle, and found that the contents were mellow and good, and, after dusting the top, I put it to my mouth, I discovered that its contents was delicious; then, invigorated by that sip, I continued my voyage of discovery.

The chiffonier was not locked, and inside I discovered rows of sealed bottles, which satisfied me that I was not likely to run short of refreshments in the liquid form at any rate, so, content with this pleasant prospect, I ventured into the other apartments.

The drawing-room was like the room I had left, a picture of comfort and elegance, when once the accumulation of dust and sand had been removed.

The library or study came next, which I found in perfect order, although I left the details for a more leisurely examination.

I next penetrated the kitchen, which I saw was comfortable, roomy and well-provided, although in more disorder than the other rooms; pans stood rusting in the fireplace, dishes lay dirty and in an accumulated pile on the table, as if the servants had left in a hurry and the owners had been forced to make what shifts they could during their absence.

Yet there was no lack of such provisions as an up country station would be sure to lay in; the pantry I found stored like a provision shop, with flitches of bacon, hams sewn in canvas, tinned meat and soups of all kinds, with barrels and bags and boxes of flour, sugar, tea and other sundries, enough to keep me going for years if I was lucky enough to be in possession.

I next went upstairs to the bedrooms, up a thickly-carpeted staircase, with the white linen overcloth still upon it. In the first room I found the bed with the bedclothes tumbled about as if the sleeper had lately left it; the master of the house I supposed, as I examined the wardrobe and found it well stocked with expensive male apparel.

At last I could cast aside my degrading rags, and fit myself out like a free man, after I had visited the workshop and filed my fetters from me.

Another door attracted me on the opposite side of the lobby, and this I opened with considerable trepidation because it led into the room which I had seen lighted up the night before.

It seemed untenanted, as I looked in cautiously, and, like the other bedroom, was in a tumble of confusion; a woman's room, for the dresses and underclothing were laying about; a bed-room which had been occupied by a woman and a child, for a crib stood in one corner, and on a chair lay the frock and other articles belonging to a little girl of perhaps six or eight years of age.

I looked at the window, it had venetian blinds upon it, and they were drawn up, so that my surmise had been wrong about the pale green blind, but on the end side of the room was another window with the blinds also drawn up, and thus satisfied I walked in boldly; what I had thought to be a light, had only been the moonlight streaming from the one window to the other, while the momentary blackening of the light had been caused, doubtless, by the branches of the trees outside, moved forward by the night breeze. Yes, that must have been the cause, so that I had nothing to fear, the house was deserted, and my own property, for the time at least.

There was a strange and musty odor in this bed-room, which blended with the perfume which the owner had used, and made me for a moment almost giddy, so the first thing I did was to open both windows and let in the morning air, after which I looked over to the unmade bed, and then I staggered with a cry of horror.

There amongst the tumble of bed clothes lay the skeletons of what had been two human beings, clad in embroidered night-dresses.

One glance was enough to convince me, with my medical knowledge, that the gleaming bones were those of a woman and a child, the original wearers of those dresses which lay scattered about.

What awful tragedy had taken place in this richly furnished but accursed house? Recovering myself, I examined the remains more particularly, but could find no clue, they were lying reposefully, with arms interlacing, as if they had died or been done to death in their sleep, while those tiny anatomists, the ants, had found their way in, and cleaned the bones completely, as they very soon do in this country.

With a sick sensation at my heart, I continued my investigations throughout the other portions of the station.

In the servants' quarters I learned the cause of the unwashed dishes; three skeletons lay on the floor in different positions as they had fallen, while their shattered skulls proved the cause of their end, even if the empty revolver that I picked up from the floor had not been evidence enough.

Someone must have entered their room and woke them rudely from their sleep in the night time, for they lay also in their blood-stained night-dresses, and beside them, on the boards, were dried up markings which were unmistakable.

The rest of the house was as it had been left by the murderer or murderers. Three domestics, with their mistress and child, had been slaughtered, and then the guilty wretches had fled without disturbing anything else.

* * * * * *

It was once again night, and I was still in the house which my first impulse had been to leave with all haste after the gruesome discoveries that I had made.

But several potent reasons restrained me from yielding to that impulse. I had been wandering for months, and living like a wild beast, while here I had everything to my hand which I needed to recruit my exhausted system.

My curiosity was roused, so that I wanted to penetrate the strange mystery if I could, by hunting after and reading all the letters and papers that I might be able to find, and to do this required leisure; thirdly, as a medical practitioner who had passed through the anatomical schools, the presence of five skeletons did not have much effect upon me, and lastly, before sun-down the weather had broken, and one of those fierce storms of rain, wind, thunder and lightning had come on, which utterly prevented anyone who had the chance of a roof to shelter him from turning out to the dangers of the night.

These were some of my reasons for staying where I was, at least the reasons that I explained to myself, but there was another and more subtle motive which I could not logically explain, and which yet influenced me more than any of the others. I could not leave the house, now that I had taken possession of it, or rather, if I may say it, now that the house had taken possession of me.

I had lifted the bucket from the kitchen and found my way to the draw-well in the back garden, with the uncomfortable feeling that some unseen force was compelling me to stay here.

I discovered a large file and freed myself from my fetters, and then, throwing my rags from me with disgust, I clad myself in one of the suits that I found in the wardrobe upstairs, then I set to work dusting and sweeping out the dining room, after which I lit a fire, re-trimmed the lamps, and cooked a substantial meal for myself, then the storm decided me.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon making the place comfortable, and when darkness did come, I had drawn the blinds down and secured the shutters, and with a lighted lamp, a bottle of good wine, and a box of first-class cigars which I also found in the chiffonier, with a few volumes that I had taken from the book shelves at random, and an album of photographs that I picked up from the drawing-room table, I felt a different man from what I had been the night previous, particularly with that glowing log fire in the grate.

I left the half-emptied bottle of brandy where I had found it, on the table, with the used glass and the water filter untouched, as I did also the chair that had been beside them.

I had a repugnance to those articles which I could not overcome; the murderer had used them last, possibly as a reviver after his crimes, for I had reasoned out that one hand only had been at the work, and that man's the owner of the suit which I was then wearing and which fitted me so exactly, otherwise why should the house have been left in the condition that it was?

As I sat at the end of the table and smoked the cigar, I rebuilt the whole tragedy, although as yet the motive was not so clear, and as I thought the matter out, I turned over the leaves of the album and looked at the photographs.

Before me on the walls hung three oil portraits, enlargements they were, and as works of art, vile things, yet doubtless they were faithful enough likenesses.

In the album I found three cabinet portraits from which the paintings had been enlarged.

They were the portraits of a woman of about twenty-six, a girl of five, and a man of about thirty-two years.

The woman was good looking, with fresh color, blue eyes, and golden brown hair. The girl—evidently her daughter—for the likeness was marked between the two, had one of those seraphic expressions which some delicate children have who are marked out for early death, that places them above the plane of grosser humanity. She looked, as she hung between the two portraits; with her glory of golden hair, like the guardian angel of the woman who was smiling so contentedly and unconsciously from her gilded frame.

The man was pallid-faced and dark, clean shaven, all except the small black moustache, with lips, of which the artist had grossly exaggerated the color, that were excessively and disagreeably vivid. His eyes were deep set, and glowing as if with the glitter of a fever.

"These would be the likenesses of the woman and child whose skeletons lay unburied upstairs, and that pallid faced, feverish-eyed ghoul, the fiend who had murdered them, his wife and child,' I murmured to myself as I watched the last portrait with morbid interest.

"Right and wrong, Doctor, as you medical men mostly are," answered a deep voice from the other end of the table.

I started with amazement, and looked from the painting to the vacant chair beside the brandy bottle, which was now occupied by what appeared to be the original of the picture I had been looking at, face, hair, vivid scarlet lips and deep-set fiery eyes, which were fixed upon me intently and mockingly.

How had he entered without my observing him? By the window? No, for that I had firmly closed and secured myself, and as I glanced at it I saw that it still remained the same.

By the door? Perhaps so, although he must have closed it again after he had entered without my hearing him, as he might easily have done during one of the claps of thunder, which were now almost incessant, as were the vivid flashes of wild fire or lightning that darted about, while the rain lashed against the outside.

He was dripping wet, as I could see, so that he must have come from that deluge, bareheaded and dripping, with his hair and mustache dragging over his glistening, ashy cheeks and bluish chin, as if he had been submerged in water, while weeds and slime hung about his saturated garments; a gruesome sight for a man who fancied himself alone to see start up all of a sudden, and no wonder that it paralysed me and prevented me from finding the words I wanted.

He had lain hidden somewhere watching me take possession of his premises, and being, as solitary men sometimes are, fond of dramatic effect, slipped in while my back was turned from the door to give me a surprise?

If so, he had succeeded, for I never before felt so craven-spirited or horror stricken, my flesh was creeping and my hair bristling, while my blood grew to ice within me.

The very lamp seemed to turn dim, and the fire smouldered down on the hearth, while the air was chill as a charnel vault, as I sat with shivering limbs and chattering teeth before this evil visitor.

Outside, the warring elements raged and fought, shaking the wooden walls, while the forked flames darted between us, lighting up his face with a ghastly effect. He must have seen my horror, for he once more laughed that low, malicious chuckle that I had heard the night before, as he again spoke.

"Make yourself at home, Doctor, and try some of this cognac instead of that washy stuff you are drinking. I am only sorry that I cannot join you in it, but I cannot just yet."

I found words at last and asked him questions, which seemed impertinent in the extreme, considering where I was.

"Who are you? Where do you come from? What do you want?"

Again that hateful chuckle, as he fixed his burning eyes upon me with a regard which fascinated me in spite of myself.

"Who am I, do you ask? Well, before you took possession of this place I was its owner. Where do I come from? From out of there last."

He pointed backwards towards the window, which burst open as he uttered the words, while through the driving rain a flash of lightning seemed to dart from his outstretched finger and disappear into the centre of the lake, then after that hurried glimpse, the shutters clashed together again and we were as before.

"What do I want? You, for lack of a better."

"What do you want with me?" I almost gasped.

"To make you myself."

"I do not understand you; what and who are you?"

"At present, nothing; yet with your help, I shall be a man once more, while you shall be free and rich; for you shall have more gold than you could ever dream about."

"What can I do for you?"

"Listen to my story and you will see. Ten years ago I was a successful gold finder, the trusting husband of that woman, and the fond father of that girl. I had, likewise, a friend whom I trusted, and took to live with me as a partner. We lived here together, my friend, my wife and my daughter, for I was romantic and had raised this house to be close to the mine which I had discovered, and which I will show you if you consent to all my terms.

"One night my friend murdered me and pitched my body into that water hole where the bones still lie. He did this because he coveted my wife and my share of the money."

I was calm now, but watchful, for it appeared that I had to deal with a madman.

"In my life-time I had been a trusting and guileless simpleton, but no sooner was my spirit set free than vengeance transformed its nature. I hovered about the place where all my affections had been centred, watching him beguile the woman who had been mine until he won her.

"She waited three years for me to return, and then she believed his story that I had been killed by the natives, and married him. They traveled to where you came from, and I followed them closely, for that was the chance I waited upon.

"The union of those once accomplished he was in my power for ever, for this had established the link that was needed for me to take forcible possession of him."

"And where was his spirit meantime?" I asked, to humor the maniac.

"In my grasp also, a spirit rendered impotent by murder and ingratitude; a spirit which I could do with as I pleased, so long as the wish I had was evil. I took possession of his body, the mirage of which you see now, and from that moment until the hour that our daughter rescued her from his clutches, he made the life of my former wife a hell on earth. I prompted his murder embrued spirit to madness, leaving him only long enough in himself after I had braced him up to do the deed of vengeance."

"How did the daughter save the mother?"

"By dying with her, and by her own purity tearing the freed spirit from my clutches. I did not intend the animal to do all that he did, for I wanted the mother only, but once the murder lust was on him, I found that he was beyond my influence. He slew the two by poison, as he had done me, then, frenzied, he murdered the servants, and finally exterminated himself by flinging himself into the pool. That was why I said that I came last from out of there, where both my own remains and his lie together."

"Yes, and what is my share of the business?"

"To look on me passively for a few moments, as you are at present doing, that is all I require."

I did not believe his story about his being only a mirage or spectre, for he looked at the moment corporal enough to do me a considerable amount of bodily harm, and therefore to humor him, until I could plan out a way to overpower him, I fixed my eyes upon his steadfastly, as he desired.

Was I falling asleep, or being mesmerised by this homicidal lunatic?

As he glared at me with those fiery orbs and an evil contortion curling the blood-red lips, while the forked lightning played around him, I became helpless.

He was creeping slowly toward me as a cat might steal upon a mouse, and I was unable to move, or take my eyes from his, which seemed to be charming my life-blood from me, when suddenly I heard the distant sound of music, through a lull of the tempest, the rippling of a piano from the drawing room, with the mingling of a child's silvery voice as it sang its evening hymn, and at the sound his eyes shifted, while he fell back a step or two with an agonised spasm crossing his ghastly face.

Then the hurricane broke loose once more with a relentless fury, while the door and window burst open, and the shutters were dashed into the room.

I leapt to my feet in a paroxysm of horror, and sprang towards the open door with that demon, or maniac, behind me.

Merciful heavens! the drawing-room was brilliantly lighted up, and there, seated at the open piano, was the woman whose home I had seen blooming upstairs, with the seraphic faced child singing her hymn.

Out to the tempest I rushed madly, and heedless of where I went, so that I escaped from that accursed and haunted house, on, past the water-hole and into the glade, where I turned my head back instinctively, as I heard a wilder roar of thunder and the crash as if a tree had been struck.

What a flash that was which lighted up the scene and showed me the house collapsing as an erection of cards. It went down like an avalanche before that zigzag flame, which seemed to lick round it for a moment, and then disappear into the earth.

Next instant I was thrown off my feet by the earthquake which shook the ground under me, while, as I still looked on where the house had been, I saw that the ruin had caught fire, and was blazing up in spite of the torrents that still poured down.

I saw the mound sink slowly out of sight, while the reddened smoke oddled about in the same strange shapes which the vapors had assumed the night before, scarlet ghosts of the demon and his victims.

* * * * * *

Two months after this I awoke to find myself in a Queensland back country station.

They had found me wandering in a delirious condition over one of their distant runs, six weeks before my return to consciousness, and, as they could not believe that a pedestrian without provisions, could get over that unknown stretch of country from Fremantle, they paid no attention to my ravings about being an escaped convict, particularly as the rage I had on could never have been prison made.

Learning, however that I had medical knowledge, by the simple method of putting it to the test, my good masters set me up in my old profession, where I still remain, a back country doctor.

Typical Marriage Proposals.—There is an old custom prevailing among the Tyrolese regarding proposals for marriage. The first time a young man pays a visit as avowed lover he brings with him a bottle of wine, of which he pours out a glass, and presents it to the object of his desires.

If she accepts it, the whole affair is settled. Very often the girl has not yet made up her mind; and then she will take refuge in excuses, so as not to drink the wine, and yet not refuse it point blank, for that is considered a gross insult, proving that she has been merely trifling with the affections of her lover.

She will, for instance, maintain that the wine "looks sour," or that wine disagrees with her, or that she is afraid of getting tipsy, or that the priest has forbidden her to take any; in fact, she makes use of any subterfuge that presents itself at that moment.

The purport of these excuses is that she has not come to a decision, and that the wine offering is premature.

This strange custom, dating very far back (according to one account, it was known as early as the ninth century), is called "bringing the wine," and is synonymous with the act of proposing.

May lovers, loth to make sure of their case beforehand, find it a very happy institution. Not a word need be spoken, and the girl is spared the painful "No" of civilisation.

If any of the wine is spilled, or the glass or bottle broken, it is considered a most unhappy omen; in fact, there is a peasant's saying for an unhappy marriage, "They have spilled the wine between them."

Open Code for All.—A universal cipher code for use in cable messages has just been completed by experts at Berne, who have labored nearly five years on its compilation. The work was authorized by the Paris convention of telegraphers in 1890. The new code comprises 250,000 words distinctly different from each other, and none containing more than ten letters. It is stated that it will be adopted by all European countries as soon as arrangements are completed for its use, and in a few years will probably become the cable language of the entire world.

At Home and Abroad.

The Japanese are a go-ahead people in almost everything but railway speed. Of all the twenty three lines in Japan, state and private, the Tokio Yokohama has the honor of the best time—an average of speed of 19 miles 76 chains per hour. Next ranks the Ofuna Yokosuka road, with an average speed of 19 miles 18 chains.

A lawyer down in Biddeford, Me., is said to be afflicted with an unusual mania, and that is for collecting lanterns. So long has the craze continued that his house is filled with everything from a bicycle lantern to the kind used on the dasher of a carriage. The man's business frequently takes him to Boston, and at every trip he brings home from one to five lanterns and adds them to his collection. In many cases the craze drains his pocketbook, and he fully realizes his folly, but he is unable to restrain himself.

The papers contain the announcement that mosquitoes have actually appeared in England. A Hertfordshire correspondent writes excitedly to warn the public how to distinguish them from other insects, which is, it seems, by the length of their proboscis and also by their humming noise, and he gives tobacco, steeped in salt vinegar, as a remedy for their bites. He thinks the mosquitoes must have been imported in some cargo of lumber, and he speaks as gravely about the invasion as if lives depended on it.

Farmers living in the vicinity of Lake City, Mich., are seriously talking of boycotting that town because of a state of affairs existing there which they say ought not to be allowed in the properly conducted metropolis. Cows are permitted to run loose on the streets of the city, and when a farmer with a load of garden truck or feed stops to do any trading the cows gather around his wagon and eat his stock and more than his profits. The farmers say they are not in the free lunch business, and the cows must be restrained, at least on market days, or they will trade elsewhere.

During the course of his lecture in Pittsburg, the other evening, Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer, told how he once controlled a race of savage cannibals while he was on the Dark Continent. He had a number of Waterbury watches, whose ticking completely nonplussed the savages and caused them to regard him as a spirit. He made a practice of leaving one of these watches in a village where he had stopped. After a while the watch, of course, run down and stopped, and the cannibals said that the spirits had gone to overtake their master. When Du Chaillu returned to these villages he always got the watch that he had left behind, and, unobserved, wound it up again. The natives heard the ticking continued, swore again that the explorer was a spirit, and did their utmost to please him.

One of the noteworthy facts in the work of the Army and Navy Departments is the careful attention that is given to the small-est details of the private's equipment. Color, material, and even the manner of making, are regulated by rules that are strict in their application. An incident in point is the manner of nailing the heels of the shoes worn by the soldiers of the army. Not long ago the War Department required that the heels of shoes should be nailed by hand, and any shoe that was otherwise nailed was to be rejected by the officers having the matter in charge. But now the opposite is the case, and shoes nailed by hand must be rejected. A machine has recently been perfected which, as is quite usual with mechanical devices, does the work much better than hand labor can do it, and so the soldiers' shoes receive by law the benefit of this improvement in a small detail of manufacture.

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Lucas County }

[illegible] makes oath that he is [illegible] will pay the sum of [illegible] for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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Our Young Folks.

A DISCONTENTED FAIRY.

BY E. S

A DISCONTENTED fairy was sitting under a tree, and a contented squirrel sat on one of the boughs watching him.

The look of vexation deepened on the fairy's face, and presently the squirrel, feeling sympathetic, addressed him.

"What's the matter? are you not feeling well?"

"I'm quite well," replied the fairy; "I don't see what else there is to be, as far as that goes. But I'm wanting something to do. I've run away from Fairyland, and now I don't know what else to do."

"There's plenty doing in the wood yonder," suggested the squirrel. "But I would advise you to choose your dwelling carefully. Things are not what they were;" and he sighed.

"The boy pricked up his ears. "I have run away from that talk," he said grimly. "My own folk are always moving about because the country changes so quickly, and always for the worse."

"That is Man's doing, I fear. We all suffer here in the same way."

"What is Man's?" asked the fairy; "I don't remember ever to have seen it."

"He is not in it. He's a him," corrected the squirrel gravely. "I mention him because he takes after us in some things. There are differences, of course. For he seems to dislike everything we care for, cuts down trees and fills up our rivers. I am not a traveler myself, or I could no doubt tell you more."

"That sounds like the human beings, our folks tell of. But, however, tell me how this creature takes after you."

"He takes after us," said the squirrel, rather loftily, "in working for his living. Such creatures as butterflies and—pardon me—fairies dance and play through the whole of life, and pick up a living anyhow, honestly or not. Bees, birds, squirrels and men work for their pleasures first, and enjoy them after."

"Yes, that is just what our people won't do, and why I am tired of living among them. But I see now I have come into a new world, where people do something', and he sprang to his feet.

"Would you advise me to go and make friends with this Man?"

"Oh dear, he's far too nasty to let you; and besides, he has a lot of fads that you couldn't get on with."

"Ah well, good-bye, little furry coat. I may come back after my adventures and settle down with you, for you're a right good sort."

The little squirrel, delighted, whisked his tail as a salute, and the boy tripped lightly round the skirting of the wood.

He was now fairly started on his travels. To his left outside the wood was a market-garden, laid out in cabbages and other vegetables, the like of which he had never seen before.

And here he heard a faint cry just near him. Among the grass outside the garden, a rabbit was crouching in a queer, uncomfortable attitude.

"Oh, would you mind coming here for a moment? I'm caught somehow, and daren't move for fear of breaking my leg."

The boy sprang to his side. "What frightful cruelty! Whoever can have put you in this prison?"

"I'm afraid it was some man," replied the rabbit meekly. "If you could manage——"

"Of course. If I tilt it up behind here, your leg can get out—so, be careful."

In another minute the rabbit was free, and stumbling through profuse thanks.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear sir, a thousand times. I feel sure you have saved me from death. And the horrible tales I have heard of rabbits dying in those traps." He shuddered at the thought.

"But what does Man do such hateful things for?"

"They count us as their enemies," said the rabbit sadly. "Those green plants are our food, and yet, because we like the same food as he does, he gets angry; but why?" and he sighed again.

"Come, don't be cast down, old fellow; why don't you fight him?"

The rabbit glanced modestly down at his soft furry body. "We are hardly fitted for it," he said, "and he is always fighting or hunting. He seems to take up all the room."

"Well," returned the boy, "I see you are a meek soft little chap, so perhaps you'd better keep quiet." He was pulling up a cabbage while he spoke.

"Here's something for you. Good-bye."

He threw the cabbage just into the wood, and was off before his humble friend could utter his thanks.

It was not long before the boy fell in with another unfortunate who had innocently incurred the displeasure of man.

This was a rat beginning to sink in a pool into which he had been driven, and who was only just able to crawl on to the end of a forked branch which the boy held out to him.

Without a glance at its preserver, it shot into a hole by the tree, and commenced sneezing and swearing both at once till the fairy burst out laughing.

"So that's who you are!" exclaimed the rat. "I might have known you were none of the lazy human brutes that drove me in the water."

"Lazy!" cried the boy. "I am always hearing new things. The squirrel called him a great worker."

"He work!" sneered the rat; "all he does is to make other folks work for him. Who ploughs his fields? Who draws his carts? A lot of fool animals that he has made his slaves. Why, you never see a man building a house, but it's another man that he has somehow forced to do it."

This argument, which was certainly original, completely convinced the boy.

"Why, you see through him cunningly," he said. "Will you go abroad with me?"

"Not I. I'm off to his barn to see what I can pick there; he's not done with me yet." And he whisked away.

"What a pity! I could have been friends with the little chap."

"Frikolino!" The boy started on hearing his name outside Fairyland.

"Frikolino, do help me; you wouldn't like to see me torn to pieces and all my beauty wasted."

It was a butterfly struggling on the edge of a spider's web. The boy disliked butterflies, but he hated spiders much more, and without a thought he caught up a stick and set free the trifling creature, who disappeared instantly.

"What did you do that for?" growled the spider. "A flighty, empty-headed thing that never did an hour's spinning in her life. Ugh! you're of the same brood, I see—a feckless, light-footed, light fingered race, living on honest working folk."

"You an honest worker!" cried the fairy in scorn. "What do you ever do, I should like to know, besides setting traps for your fellow creatures and sucking their blood? I wonder my people haven't had you all put to death."

"Mighty people, certainly!" sneered the old fellow. "But considering that wherever man comes you little creatures have all to flee in terror before him, we can still look forward to a good time of peace in his dominions."

"I'm going to fight him too," shrieked the fairy; "but I'll kill you first, you cruel villain." And he raised his stick again, but stopped instantly at the harsh growl which the spider raised.

"What! you a woodland creature, slay one of your own brotherhood—not in self-defence! Have a care, my little master. How would you like your Queen to call you to judgment for such an act?

"Complaints are abroad about you already; and perhaps if you had not taken that flighty journey from Fairyland this morning, my young hero might have been asked to leave for other reasons." And he cocked one of his eyes at him and grinned horribly.

The unfortunate fairy, shrinking from these plain truths, crept away without a word, and once out of sight of the sneering spider, threw himself on the grass and hid his face.

Just then, he heard the butterfly's tiny voice in the air above him—

"Frikolino, Frikolino! Look up—do speak to me. I'm in a hurry; and oh, how tired I am!"

The boy half turned his face and listened, while she babbled on—"This hurry doesn't suit me. Ever since you saved me from that monster, I've been flying on messages, and you've no idea how it takes it out of one. . . . Your Queen's about looking for you."

Frikolino was on his feet in a moment, cap in hand.

"There has been some fuss about you, I think; but first I——"

"Where, where is she?"

"This way," said the butterfly, rather injured. "For a fairy you're uncommonly rude."

But Frikolino did not hear. His name was being called in the sweetest tone ever heard outside Fairyland. He turned, and immediately his Queen stood before him, with the rabbit and the rat hard by.

"Finish your errand," said the lady without raising her eyes; and the butterfly without a moment's loitering flew soberly off.

"Frikolino," said the Fairy, "what is this new desire of yours that has made you so unmanageable lately?"

Frikolino was feeling small now, but he was also bold. He answered modestly—

"My Queen, I was tired of dancing, and wanted something to do."

"Something to do!" replied the lady gravely; "and you have very nearly brought yourself under sentence of death for slaying one of the forest creatures. You see I have heard the spider's story. But I am disposed to forgive you your rebellions against the traditions of Fairyland; but now see that you cease quarreling with those whose ways you do not understand."

"Go," said the Queen to the others, "and find new dwellings for yourselves. Frikolino, you will always find a welcome in Fairyland."

Her voice sounded a bit wistful, but she spread her beautiful rainbow wings and was immediately out of sight.

The friends turned away full of hope.

But when they came to the tree where the squirrel lived they found that the brave, cheery little fellow, who was at peace with all the world, had been shot by a boy's bow and arrow, and now lay dying on the spot where the fairy had sat that morning.

Frikolino bent over him sadly to catch his last words.

"Don't go among the men, fairy," gasped little furry-coat. "They are too much for us, after all. I told you they had fads, didn't I? But if you can, protect some of our people from a fate like mine. You've a good heart, I can see."

For the boy kneeling beside him was actually crying, and from that moment ceased for ever to be a true fairy.

"He was the best of us all," he said presently; "and now we must start our new home without him."

They covered the little fellow with last summer's leaves, and then quietly and sadly they crept away.

OMENS AND CORONATIONS.—In relation to the terrible accident at the coronation of the Czar of Russia, we see that the remark, "What an ominous accident," is very widely repeated, and undoubtedly there are very few, even of the cultivated, who can keep that thought out of their minds, or who do not half believe that the chance that this reign, beginning so brightly, may end in blood and disaster, as the coronation ceremony has ended, has been by the accident in some way imperceptibly increased. The belief in itself must be utter folly.

There is no particle of evidence that kings or nations or individuals are ever warned in this way of a future which, in all other ways, is so rigidly concealed from them, while the injustice of inflicting a calamity on the innocent as a warning to the possibly guilty of that which, nevertheless, cannot be averted, is too palpable for discussion.

Still, the belief in omens is nearly universal among the ignorant, and if the Russians took this accident to be one it might have important political effects.

Far and wide as the news flies the Russians would be impressed with the notion that this reign will be unlucky, and probably nothing could so sap the personal authority, and even the popularity, of the occupant of the throne.

We doubt, however, whether the accident will be considered an omen, whether the Russians connect it with the Czar or his destiny at all; whether their view of it will not, in fact, precisely resemble their view of a famine, a flood or an epidemic; that it has been ordered by a will which it is useless to discuss and impious to challenge or abuse.

It is very difficult for Western observers to discern accurately in what the religiousness of Russian peasants consists, but that they are religious in a way is the testimony of all observers, and the accident, by reason of its very greatness and awfulness, will appeal to this side of them, and be regarded as too serious for an omen.

Had the Czar stumbled as he entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, or dropped his crown as he lifted it on his head, or fainted during the endless tedium of the coronation ceremonial, that would have been an omen, indeed, but this will be accepted as only a sad event.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The hog eats fewer plants than any other herb feeding animal.

Carnivorous animals seldom produce more than two young at a birth.

Astronomers claim that there are 17,000,000 comets in the solar system.

In proportion to numbers Denmark has more cyclists than any country in the world.

Aluminum pencils are being manufactured in Germany for use as substitutes for slate pencils.

A Coroner's jury in London strongly condemned the practice of riding bicycles without brakes.

As late as 1860 40,000 African slaves were annually transported from the dark Continent to Cuba.

Boothbay, Me., has a man who deals in live souls, and Ellsworth boasts of a citizen who raises angleworms.

A Chicago tradesman has put the following sign in his window: "Genuine Neufchatel Cheese, made in New Jersey."

In an Eastbourne, England, paper "A Baronet's Grandson" offers to give lessons in bicycle riding at 5 shillings a lesson.

It is stated that only one-fourth of her requirements are now imported by Japan, as against 67 per cent. six years ago.

There are now 1,082,700 miles of telegraph lines in existence, more than half of them, 585,000 miles, being in America.

An Antarctic iceberg has been seen that was twenty miles wide, forty miles in length and eight hundred feet in height.

One-sixth of the negroes in the United States live in cities—possibly because they find it easier to live there than anywhere else.

Of the 40,000 species of beetles widely diffused over the earth's surface not one is known to be venomous or armed with a sting.

A recently opened guano cave in Georgia was found to be inhabited by great swarms of white flies with yellow legs and pale pink eyes.

Dr. Kate G. Horner, of Pender, Neb., was recently elected coroner of the town. The cowboys call her an angel, because of her self-sacrificing life.

A settler at Hay, New South Wales, reports that he and his sons destroyed 3,000 rabbits in four days, and that on one occasion he poisoned 1,000 in a night.

Some workmen in a Gorham, N. H., carpenter shop have a queer pet. It is a handsome butterfly, which has stayed in the shop all winter and is very tame.

A ten-year-old daughter of Amanda Miner at Rocky Rock, W. Va., was eating candy and a piece lodged in her windpipe, choking her to death in less than 10 minutes.

About the largest fish story of the season comes from Dartmouth, Mass., where it is said, the scup are so plentiful that people can not give them away, and parties have let over 100 barrels of fish escape rather than let them rot.

In Canada no campaign buttons, ribbons or badges can be worn between nomination and polling day. The carrying of flags as a party badge is also forbidden. The penalty is a fine of $100 or three months in prison, or both.

It is stated that since trees have been extensively planted in Southern California the rainfall of the region has become much more uniform and favorable to agriculture, but there are other parts of the State in which the mummies are wiping out the forests and planting the desert in the midst of nature's bounties.

The most curious use to which paper is to be put is that suggested by the recent patenting of a blotting paper towel. It is a style of bath towel, consisting of a full suit of heavy blotting paper. A person upon stepping out of the morning tub has only to array himself in one of these suits, and in a second he will be dry as a bone.

Dr. Fick has shown that winking is more frequent as the retina becomes more fatigued, and it has been found that in reading at a distance of 30 centimetres the number of winks per minute was 20, while at 60 centimetres, with good illumination which only permits reading at 30 centimetres the number is 6.6 per minute.

A child, a curiosity in his way, has been taken to the home of the United Charities organization, Wilkesbarre, Pa. He is 3 years old and weighs only 10½ pounds. His head is the size of a baseball, and a 25 cent piece would cover one hand. The little fellow stands 22 inches high. He is the son of Jacob and Elizabeth Long. He has all his faculties.

In temperate regions the conditions under which ponds and lakes freeze over at the beginning of winter are all favorable to the forming of smooth ice. The cold is most intense in the perfectly still nights of that season when ice is first formed. Again, the water freezes at a higher temperature when smooth than when disturbed. The consequence is that the ice on our lakes is smooth such is not everywhere the case. In Siberia the first freezing cold often comes attended by violent winds.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY M. O. L.

I'd not be the red rose if I were a flower,
The fairest that blows to the west,
I'd not be the tulip if I had the power,
Its charms are too gaudily dressed.
But I'd be the lily
That glistens so stilly,
A-blow on my true love's breast.

I'd not be the pansy, though royal its tinting,
The richest that nature hath planned;
I'd not be the crocus, though golden its glinting,
The brightest that blows in the land.
But I'd be the lily
That glistens so stilly
Asleep in my true love's hand.

For the glance of my lady is winsome and love-like,
Whatever she smiles on is blessed;
And the heart of my lady is gentle and dove-like,
And anger is never its guest.
So I'd be the lily
That glistens so stilly
A-blow on my true love's breast.

A KAFFIR WEDDING.

Having resolved to attend a Kaffir wedding, whether as an invited guest or otherwise, the visitor to the Transvaal, South Africa, has first to make choice of the means of arriving upon the scene of action. There is generally a light wagon, in which he can be bumped and jolted over the "veldt," shaving the great ant hills as if by a miracle, with all his energies concentrated in saving his head and his hat from being smashed against the sides of the cart, and the horses going full gallop most of the time. Or he can ride, with the chance of his horse putting his foot into one of the deep holes made by the "aard vark," or ant-bear, and coming to most signal grief, a thing which, fortunately, seldom happens.

Coming to close quarters, the visitor cannot fail to be struck by the dignified and unaffected courtesy with which he or she (for ladies are equally welcome) is received. Here is an assemblage of what some highly cultivated people are pleased to call uncivilized savages, less than half clothed, and in a state of violent excitement, which at times seems half frenzied; yet no sooner do white visitors appear than an "Induna," or head ring man, approaches with his "Inkose" and military salute; the best seats are provided close to the bridegroom, and Kaffir beer is handed to the guests in gourds.

Meanwhile, the dances are being carried on with a fervor that never wanes, for eight or ten hours at a stretch. The men wear the large plumes of black feathers, which cover their heads and hang down their backs. With their cowhide shields and waving spears they are continually in motion. The effect produced by the small parties of Zulus who have been brought to America is but the palest shadow of the thrilling sensation inspired by the sight of some hundreds of these magnificent people in a state of wildest enthusiasm, and yet observing the most perfect discipline in their manœuvres.

They shout, they grunt, they advance and retreat, stamping until the ground actually trembles, and at last fall into a procession which moves toward their "kraal," dancing all the way. From time to time a warrior will burst from the rocks and bound with a sort of galloping action several yards in front of the line. He will then go through the motions of attacking and killing his antagonist amid the shouts and cheers of his fellows until they catch him up, when he falls in, and is followed by other eager rivals, all thirsting to outdo one another.

These evolutions are watched by the bride and her party of ladies, who for these occasions reserve exceptionally elegant attire, consisting of a skin petticoat and several rows of beads, with the much prized soda water bottle wire twisted round their arms.

As at home, the father of the bride occupies a specially important position, his tail of feathers frequently extending the whole length of his back. The bride, surrounded by her sisters and friends, usually kneels upon a mat, facing the line of dancers.

She holds—for what purpose it is not easy to imagine—a shield and a knife in her hands, and is at especial pains to assume a dignified and cynical expression, as of one who finds the whole proceeding immeasurably beneath her contempt. Here, as in most other countries, the real interest of the wedding centres in the bride. Her conduct is regulated by the strictest etiquette, and for one day in her life she enjoys a mock sovereignty over her future husband and owner.

It is the custom for a man or woman to leave the ranks of the dancers from time to time, and to rush up to the bride and address to her some description of badinage, more pointed than would be considered polite at a wedding in Mayfair.

The lady, if she has been properly drilled, takes not the slightest notice of these witticisms, throwing back her head and shutting her eyes with infinite scorn. Nor does she address a word to any one except her attendants, with whom she may occasionally laugh and joke.

During the dancing the women keep up a most extraordinary shrill, tremulous cry, resembling the neighing of a horse. The men accompany their stampings with a song, consisting of the perpetual reiteration of three notes in a minor key. It is plaintive, and not unpleasing, and to it they recite their poetry, such as "So-and-so is a big lion," some one else a "bigger will eat him up," and so on, with hardly any variation, hour after hour, while the dance goes on.

From time to time Kaffir beer comes round, sometimes in a gourd, sometimes in a clay calabash shaped like a cocoanut cut in halves. It is ladled out by some functionary, and served with profuse liberality. Happily, this drink is not so disagreeable as it looks. It is of the consistency of gooseberry fool, pinkish in color, of a slightly acid taste, and resembling wort more than beer.

LARGER THAN A STATE.—The largest ranch now running in the United States is situated in the State of Wyoming. The dimensions of this immense farm are of such mammoth proportions that figures of its area appear almost fabulous and beyond belief. An idea of its dimensions may be gained from the fact that the State of Rhode Island could be dropped into the middle of it, and yet leave a margin of some twenty miles all round it—and it is stocked with upwards of 200,000 animals of various kinds, including horses, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, and half-bred buffalo. The inventory shows that 400 horses, 20,000 cattle, and over 150,000 sheep daily graze on its broad acres.

Grains of Gold.

It is always expensive to be wrong.

The man who does well to-day, may do better to-morrow.

The man works hard who spends his time looking for an easy place.

There shall be no success to the man who is not willing to begin small.

It is of more profit to have a contented spirit than a fat bank account.

A gentleman is one who combines a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

Money that has the blood of the poor upon it, cannot be of any real benefit to the rich.

Every day we remain in sin, makes the devil's hold on us that much harder to break.

It is a strong proof that we are making progress, when we think with shame and contempt of our earlier steps.

The world is but a show of things; a kindergarten where we learn by object lessons. It is only the very little ones to whom the object is all.

Whenever you meet a man who can tell you all about the weak points in his neighbors, you will find one who needs as much watching as an east wind.

Femininities.

The original standard yard was the exact length of the arm of King Henry I. of England.

Fashionable young ladies in Japan, when they desire to look very attractive, gild their lips.

A woman has for many years been the engraver of medals at the royal mint at Stockholm.

Why should young ladies set good examples?—Because young men are so apt to follow them.

Paisley, England, has now a lady medical practitioner. She is the daughter of a minister, and a graduate of Edinburgh University.

"They say Bimley is a terribly superstitious fellow," began the first man. "Superstitious!" echoed the other man, "I should say so. He's owed me $13 for more than four years."

In many towns of Belgium schools still exist where girls are taught, from the age of five years, how to make lace. When ten years old, they are said to be able to earn their own livelihood.

The cheekiest specimen of plagiarism yet is that of the Brown University student who has cribbed an article written by the President of the university, signing his own name to it. He is rusticating at present.

"I was teasing my husband last night, sweet, for some solitaires like yours, and what do you suppose he said?" "I can't imagine, dear. What was it?" "He said I should probably have some by the time I am as old as you are."

A German newspaper contains the following offer in an advertisement by an enterprising trader: "Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains anything injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."

It is said that, when garments were first doled out, man gave woman the petticoats. He did it to prevent her running after him in all his pleasures and pursuits. He saw that if once she got rid of that garment she would be his equal.

He: Well, I must be off. Going to the station to meet my wife's elder sister.

She: But she can find her way to your house.

He: She can. But, if I meet her in public, I shan't have to kiss her!

Ancient brute: Er—excuse me—but doesn't my open window trouble you?

Lady passenger: Oh, thank you; I was feeling it a little.

Ancient brute: Well, I wouldn't run any risk of catching cold. There are some empty seats forward.

In Vienna a servant girl is not permitted to climb on the window sill to clean windows without a safety belt with rope attached to it which is fastened to the building, so that in case she should slip or lose her balance she is suspended in safety and can be drawn back into the window.

The Chicago's Marriage Clerk has just issued marriage license No. 20,000. This means that since the great fire, twenty-five years ago, 500,000 Chicagoans have been united in the holy bonds of matrimony. How interesting it would be to compare with those figures the divorce statistics for the same period!

At the public library at Macon there is a barometer made simply of a thin strip of cedar and a thin strip of white pine, placed together and stuck perpendicularly in a base rest of wood. When it is going to rain the strips bend down, and when it is to be dry they stand rigidly stiff and straight. It is said to indicate coming storms unfailingly.

Aluminum necktios have been recently introduced. They are really made of the metal in question and frosted or otherwise ornamented in various shapes very closely imitating the ordinary silk or satin article. They are fastened to the collar button or by a band round the neck, and are particularly recommended for summer wear, since they can be easily cleaned when soiled, while they are not perceptibly heavier than cotton, cambric, or silk.

At a dinner party last winter the cool weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet.

"Surely," said a lady opposite, "you are not troubled with cold feet?"

Amidst an awful pause, she naively answered:

"Yes, indeed, I am very much troubled; but, then they are not my own."

Her husband blushed scarlet.

Scratches and bruises will occur on one's furniture, especially where there are children. If a fresh hickory or walnut kernel is rubbed gently into the bruises they will quickly disappear. Then, too, those spots that will come no one knows how or from where—on furniture, should be rubbed well with sweet oil and turpentine, washed off with warm soap suds and polished with crude oil. Certain furniture dealers have for sale their own makes of furniture polish. When obtained from a reliable place this is better than the average polish made at home.

Masculinities.

The Dark Ages—Those of ladies no longer young.

The rule of three—For the third person to clear out.

Two men in Galesville, Wis., were arrested recently for selling salt to farmers for sugar.

In Cumberland a lady of 72 has learnt the bicycle. A lady of 74 is eager to follow the example.

If you do not want to be robbed of your good name, do not have it painted on your umbrella.

The best man: How did you like the check her father gave you? Groom: Oh, I think it's capital.

Wife: In the game of lawn tennis, dear, what is the most difficult thing to acquire? Husband: The lawn.

A man, 81 years old, committed suicide in Maine lately because the selectmen would not repair the road leading up to his farm.

The man who insists upon drowning his trouble in the flowing bowl always labors under the delusion that his trouble is in his stomach.

Visitor: Mercy me! what are those horrible sounds upstairs?

Wife: Oh, that is nothing but dear George. I suppose he has lost his collar stud again.

Æsthetic wife, sobbing: Dearest, I'll see that your grave is kept green, but not one of those horrid bright greens. A nice olive-gray green, with an old bronze tombstone, will look too awfully lovely for anything!

Young mother, displaying the baby: Now, isn't she a dear little thing, Mr. Podsnap?

Mr. Podsnap, father of a large family: Yes, they're very expensive. I've got six of 'em.

An ancient omen says that "if two marriages are celebrated simultaneously one of the husbands will die." This omen is no doubt verified in every instance; but we are prepared to believe that the other husband will die, too, if he lives long enough.

Clerk, who has been vainly trying to employ his time, to employer: Shall I answer this letter now, sir?

Employer: Certainly not; if you do they will think we are doing no business. Wait four weeks.

There was a Californian in Los Gatos twenty-five years ago who died and left the income of $200 to buy candy for the school children. The fund is still faithfully administered, and in Los Gatos that man is bigger than Washington.

Bachelor friend, to newly-married: "Why this dejection, dear boy? Have you suffered a disappointment?"

"Yes—my wife can't sing."

"Why, that should not distress you. I think you are to be congratulated."

"Ah, but she thinks she can."

Peculiar marriage relations exist, or will exist, in a family in Belfast, Me. About one year ago a couple were married. Now a brother of the first named groom is to marry the mother of his brother's wife. Two brothers to marry mother and daughter. By this arrangement one brother becomes the father-in-law of the other.

Fitting emblems are not always appreciated. The neighbors of a poor fellow who died erected a tombstone to his memory, and had placed above it the conventional white dove. The widow looked at it through her tears, and said, "It was very thoughtful to put it there. John was very fond of shooting, and it was an especially suitable emblem."

Tact is a great thing. A few evenings ago a lady who makes desperate endeavors to hold the fleeting charms of youth, asked a young gentleman to sing her a song, adding archly, "something suited to me," and, instead of giving her "You Haunt My Dreams," or something equally complimentary, he struck into "The Last Rose of Summer," because, forsooth, it suited his voice. And now invitations from that house are known to him no more.

The following is a good plan, says a Frenchman, to avoid tipping the waiter at a restaurant:

"When the bill comes, pay it exactly. A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter's face, well trained though it may be. You should then rise, saying to him, 'I have made an excellent dinner; you manage the establishment much better than the preceding proprietor did.' During his rapture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant you escape."

"Father," he suddenly remarked, as he looked up into the paternal face, "you are awfully good to me."

"Am I? Well, I hope I treat her as a husband should a devoted wife."

"And it's all over the place how liberal you are to her."

"How? what do you mean?"

"Why, I heard three or four men in the 'bus say that all you had in the world was in her name!"

"Yes—ahem—yes—you go to bed, sir; and the next time you hear people lying about me don't listen to what they say."

Latest Fashion Phases.

The Henry IV. capes are a revival of those which were worn by nobles at that particular period. These garments were resuscitated at a recent smart wedding for bridesmaids, when they were made of ruby velvet, lined with satin, and they were simply attached to the back of the shoulders, and did not come across the front at all.

A pretty hat made for Jane Hading, in Paris, was Louis XVI. in shape, rather flat, and quite hidden under a mass of Parma violets, thrown on in a most artistic way, raised behind with a mass of mixed violets, and outside at the back an aigrette of white violets. Another for the same actress was a rather flat toque in pink Yedda straw, the outside covered with velvet poppies shaded pink and red and geranium leaves.

A large flat manilla straw was turned up at the back with large bows of pink taffetas covered with black tulle, and a half wreath of red and white geraniums. A hat called the Napoleon shape was turned up straight in front, and had a high crown; it was black rice straw, on the left side two choux of orange velvet and tulle, on the right two black aigrettes, and large spreading loops like a crest of orange velvet.

A Panama hat, with a loose crown surrounded by bows of pink, green and mauve tulle, and the most natural hyacinths and bunches of roses at intervals, the bows fastened with paste ornaments, is a perfect harmony in color. A chip hat with frill of horsehair lace was trimmed with shaded mauve blooms and pink roses, blended with mauve and green blooms as an aigrette. A black crinoiln toque with a crumpled brim had a liberal erect bouquet of violets, roses and yellow flowers.

A stylish cape is made of broadcloth and velvet. Two deep ruffles are fluted and sewed to a yoke that extends well out over the points of the shoulders. At the same time the wide collar is of velvet, and is also fluted over the shoulders and across the back. The fronts are cut in long, scalloped tabs, and extend below the waistline, the cape ending in shield-shape points on which are large, handsome buttons.

For useful morning wear dimities in every shade and pattern are most in use. One in green effects is made, as to bodice, with deep collars of coarse net and lace edging of the same. The sleeves and skirts are unlined. The sleeves, gigot in cut, have two rows of the net insertion at the wrists.

Bishop sleeves are quite the fad in cotton bodices. Another dimity has the bodice finely plaited in the back, while in front over the side plaits, is a broad double box plait, on which is sewed cafe-au-lait Valenciennes lace, narrow in width, put on very full, giving a wavy, pretty effect.

A black and white dimity has the usual plain full skirt, slightly varied by two rows of heavy white insertion let in either side of the front breadth, and five tiny flounces edged about with Swiss embroidery. The bodice is short and full. Either side of the front is a full, straight piece of white muslin, and embroidery inserted in two rows and edging it. The sleeves are full, puffed to the elbow, plain, tightly fitted below with rows of insertion overlaid lengthwise.

White silk parasols are shown with a two-inch border of colored shirred flowering woven in around the edge, while others of white silk are trimmed with four-inch colored gauze ribbons with brocaded patterns, and shaded from a light color on one edge to almost white on the other.

The umbrella of the season has a plain but stylish handle.

For a slight protection, the light scarfs of liberty silk are charming, worn about the throat. The soft folds and floating ends impart a becoming finish to the toilette, and are prettier for summer than the cumbersome boas of geese and lace.

Bows that have been for so long been worn at the back of the neck, are now moving around to the front.

Bonnet pins representing dandelion fluffs in pearls are dainty and inexpensive.

A full ruching of black satin finishes many a gown in a smart and unique manner.

Dresden ribbon garnitures are used to freshen up linen gowns.

The conventional dress for men at an afternoon wedding reception is frock coat, light trousers, fancy waistcoat, puff Ascot tie, high collar, gray suede gloves, high hat.

The plain skirt remains the favorite and common-sense fashion, and when well made it has a style the trimmed skirt can never attain.

In a new waist having a French back the front is full and blouse like, though the droop is only slight.

The favorite shirt waist is made of linen—the newest being a perforated variety over some pretty tint of silk or cambric.

No one wears high heels now. But the general finis of shoes is more graceful and becoming to the shape of the foot than it used to be. Also, the average woman is more careful than she used to be about shoes.

Grass linen collars made over a gay silk are very effective worn with a black waist. With many of these collars a taffeta ribbon is worn around the neck, which now ties in a bow in front, instead of at the back.

Of all the dainty accessories of woman's dress the belongings that hang from her chatelaine, are, perhaps, the most useful. The revival of the chatelaine and its pendants is but a natural sequence to the fancy belt so much in favor just now. Both silver and gold chatelaines are worn.

It is a fact that three pairs of shoes worn in change with each other will outlast, by more than three times, three pairs worn in succession.

Belts are provided with most jackets of the blazer sort, but their adoption is optional.

Hosiery in bright plaids is a novelty, and one that promises very well. These hose are worn with summer dresses and with dark or black shoes. There are some handsome styles in boot hose. These have either dark feet and light tops or light and dark tops, the former, however, being preferred.

A new model for a golf costume shows a skirt of soft tan and brown plaid, cut on the bias. There is an ample flare to the short godet skirt that reaches a trifle above the shoe-top length. The jacket that goes with the skirt is of plain tan ladies' cloth, and being sleeveless is easily drawn on over a shirt waist without crushing the full sleeves.

There was a chic little cap, beretta-shaped, made of the plaid goods, with a twist of brown velvet and a quill, that went with this golf costume It must be more comfortable than the regulation Alpine, that looks so perfectly absurd when tilted back from the forehead.

Hats covered with flowers, or toque bonnets made entirely of flowers, are much in favor this year. When the hats are chosen in preference to the bonnets, the quantity of flowers that is put on them is surprising, and the latest fad is, beside the flowers, to use feathers and wings, and even the tails of birds of paradise. This last trimming started in Paris, and the first hats that were sent over were exceedingly picturesque. These long, soft feathers drooping over on either side of the brim were certainly graceful, but as they are now put on to hang almost to the shoulders, and died bright pink, green or purple, they are hideous, and to be avoided. The massing of the flowers, if carefully done, are extremely effective.

The small bespangled empire fan is part of every fashionable woman's theatre toilette.

Gowns lined with contrasting silk that matches the petticoats are very smart and fetching.

A pretty custom this summer is that of giving buckles as keepsakes. The young man of the day gives the young woman a buckle of quaint and attractive design, as he might give her a book or a boquet. If he gives her something that no one else has, it is so much the more acceptable.

Emeralds and turquoises are a late combination in jewelry, and a very beautiful one.

In using velvet on a gown be sure that the nap runs up.

Small tucked sleeves are seen on many grass linen gowns.

Narrow ribbon ruches are used quite extensively to trim dresses, parasols, capes, tea gowns, millinery, etc. Ribbon is likewise made up into narrow pleated frills to be used in like manner. These narrow decorations appear severally at the extreme edge of many gowns, and some of the new skirts have a vertical or otherwise circular trimming, carried from the waist downward to the depth of half a yard or thereabouts.

Dressmakers are just now called upon to give a little brightness to the handsome dark or black gowns that have done duty for the best dresses during the cooler months, and for renovation by way of trimming, guipure and other rich laces and insertions are very effective. The newer makes are considerably heavier than the familiar patterns, and vary more as regards depths of color or the reverse.

The loveliest toilet sets can be had in light blue opaque glass, set in untarnished silver, or canary yellow, or white in gilt. The pincushion and toilet drapery, if there is any, corresponds in color. These sets are not at all expensive. Crushed morocco in shades of green is fashionable for card cases, purses, frames, etc., and there is also a rich dark blue.

Ribbon is immensely used now, especially satin, shot silk, and the delicate chine crepon and soft silk, with misty flowers. Pretty fronts for wearing with the open coats are arranged with two lengths of ribbon, from three to five inches wide, fastened to the neck-band, and again at the waist, forming a stimulated waistcoat, with full lace or chiffon filling in between.

Another and narrower ribbon forms the waistband, and is finished off in one central or two smaller bows. This is easily managed by any one, and the front constantly varied.

Never was lace so profusely used or so varied in design. From narrow guipure insertions to wide flouncings in cream, ecru and butter color is to be seen on every article of fashionable dress. It is now made in grass cloth, to trim the grass cloth gowns and blouses that are to be in the acme of popularity in the hot days. It can be had in insertions, edgings and piece lengths, and has a color beneath. This is not strictly lace, but it goes in the same category.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any form of rheumatism, for diseases of the nerves and nervous dyspepsia.

Lettuce for those suffering from insomnia.

Peanuts for indigestion. They are especially recommended for corpulent diabetes. Peanuts are made into a wholesome and nutritious soup, are browned and used as coffee, are eaten as a relish simply baked, or are prepared and served as salted almonds.

Onions are almost the best nervine known. No medicine is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza; in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion.

Asparagus is used to induce perspiration.

Carrots for sufferers from asthma.

Turnips for nervous disorders and scurvy.

Raw beef proves of great benefit to persons of frail constitution and to those suffering from consumption. It is chopped fine, seasoned with salt and heated by placing it in a dish of hot water. It assimilates rapidly and affords the best nourishment.

Eggs contain a large amount of nutriment in compact, quickly available form. Beaten up raw with sugar, they are used to clear and strengthen the voice. With sugar and lemon juice, the beaten whites of eggs is to relieve hoarseness.

Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

Fresh ripe fruit are excellent for purifying the blood and toning up the system. As specific remedies, oranges are aperient. Sour oranges are highly recommended for rheumatism.

Cranberries for erysipelas are used externally as well as internally.

Lemons for feverish thirst in sickness, for biliousness, low fevers, rheumatism, coughs, colds, liver complaint, etc.

Blackberries are a tonic and useful in all forms of diarrhœa.

Tomatoes are a powerful aperient for the liver and a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. Tomatoes are invaluable in all conditions of the system in which the use of calomel is indicated.

Figs are aperient and wholesome. They are said to be valuable as food for those suffering from cancer; they are used externally as well as internally.

Public speakers and many noted singers use a wash of salt and water before and after using the voice, as it strengthens the organs of the throat.

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL CURE

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Cripple, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Radway's Pills

MILD BUT EFFECTIVE

Purely vegetable, not without pain, elegantly coated, tasteless, small and easy to take. Radway's Pills assist nature, stimulating to healthful activity the liver, bowels and other digestive organs, leaving the bowels in a natural condition without any bad after effects.

CURE

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Piles

—AND—

All Liver Disorders

RADWAY'S PILLS cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity.

Price 25c. Per Box. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 365 New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The opening article in the July number of "The Century is by Marion Crawford, the third of his papers on Rome. It is devoted to "St. Peter's" and is fully illustrated by Castaigne. There is the third and concluding paper by Mr. James Bryce, giving his impressions of South Africa from a recent visit. Apropos of the alleged identification of Marshal Ney with a North Carolina school teacher, there is printed a hitherto unpublished family record of the marriage and execution of Ney by Mme. Campan, who wrote the memoirs of Marie Antoinette. A novelette by W. D. Howells, an "Idyl of Saratoga," is begun, and there is a story of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. Published at New York.

"The Pocket Magazine" for July contains interesting stories by Mary E. Wilkins, Eugene Field, Hamlin Garland and others. Published at New York.

"The Diary of a Peculiar Girl," by Geo. Austin Woodward, is a well written study of character, with a pleasant love story. Published by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

The "Popular Science Monthly" has among other articles the following in its issue for July: "Principles of Taxation," by Hon. David A. Wells; "Photographing Electrical Discharges," by W. E. Woodbury; "The Genius and His Environment," "On Our Banking System," "The Birds at Dinner," "Suggestion in Therapeutics," "Causes, Stages and Time of the Ice Age," illustrated; "Country Parks," "Sociology in Ethical Education," "Massage in Sprains and Discolorations," illustrated; and "Pearls and Mother-of-Pearl." Published at New York.

The July number of "The Quiver" contains a good variety of excellent Sunday and general reading together with serial and complete stories, poetry, music and the "Short Arrows" department. Published at New York.

In the July number of "St. Nicholas there is much that breathes a patriotic spirit. The opening story is "Maurice and His Father," a romance of the American Revolution by Sara King Wiley. "Toby Hinkle, Patriot," by Pauline Wesley, is an account of a crippled boy who makes a fine new flag for the New England village in which he lives and wins a pleasant reward. "A Word for the Old Fourths" is a plea in verse by Charles Henry Webb. Other fine articles instalments of the serials and verses and jingles make up the rest of the number. Published at New York.

The complete novel in the July issue of "Lippincott's" is "A Judicial Error," by Marion Manville Pope. It is a strong story, based on a murder for which the wrong man was convicted and hanged. "A Twenty-Dollar Bill," by Algernon Tassin, is a pathetic tale of honesty among the very poor. Other good stories and miscellany fill out an excellent number. Published in this city.

"Colonel Hungerford's Daughter" is an interesting American story brilliant as to plot and rendered doubly interesting by its excellent description of character and life in the West. Published by Kerr & Co., Chicago.

The leading pictorial paper in the July number of "Cassell's Family Magazine" is "Pictures from Germany," with samples of the work of several popular German artists. Other illustrated articles are "Carriages Without Horses," "Gentlemen's Sons as Western Hired Men," "Mr. George Grossmith," "Women in Prison," "Bulgarian Embroidery," the fashions, etc. Published at New York.

Disarranged.

BY M. I. T.

"YOU are a quite a stranger," she said with a beaming smile.

That smile had been wont to set my heart throbbing—not so long ago. Even now it quickened its pulsation ever so slightly. But I hailed symptoms of improvement, and smiled back.

"I have been away," I said. "Rusticating."

She drew her skirts aside. I looked at her. Then—dropped into the vacant chair.

"Were you keeping it for—someone?" I asked.

A little conscious flush just hovered over a quickly averted cheek. She gave me no other answer, so I interpreted it to my own satisfaction.

"When did you return?" she asked suddenly.

"Yesterday," was my prompt rejoinder. "In time for this."

My glance wandered over the rooms. We were in a charming alcove—the coup d'œil before us was one of silks and satins and tail-coats mingled in a graceful entanglement, representing a "barn dance."

I never danced it. I had a prejudice against violent exercise, and I saw quite enough of frills and lingerie from my half guinea stall at the Gaiety to dispense with it in private life.

Miss Muriel Montressor might possibly have shared my opinions—I did not ask her at that moment. It is always a pity to disturb existing peace by a rash introduction of alien subjects.

"You remember — this?" she asked softly.

"Naturally, Mrs. Hargreaves impressed it on me so strongly and aromatically."

She laughed. "That new perfume is rather—rather——"

"Eucalyptic?" I suggested. "Of course it is a wise prevention—and reasonable."

"You are just as ridiculous as ever," she said, with the suspicion of a pout.

"I had hoped," I said, "that absence might have made you more charitable, even as it has made me more——"

"What?" she asked, with a quick flash of blue eyes straight into mine.

"You would be offended again," I answered virtuously. "Let us talk generalities. It is safer."

"Begin then," she said, and the eyes dropped on to the loosely-tied posy of yellow and mauve orchids on her lap.

Those flowers meant money. I wondered whose purse had favored the fashionable florists. I knew it was not that of Papa or Mamma Montressor.

Everything in that household was conducted on strictly illiberal principles. Report said they were hard up, and a once familiar entree into their home circle led me to conclude that report was not altogether inaccurate.

But then they had daughters to marry.

I avail myself of Miss Muriel's permission, and my eyes sought a suitable subject for discussion.

"Ah!" I said cheerfully. "I see that odious little cad, Lord Weedon, is here. Pity titles can't breed gentlemen. He is about as common-looking as an ostler in an omnibus yard.

"Can't you fancy him sucking a straw and saying 'hiss-s-s' to the horses? But it's no wonder he looks horsey. He's never happy away from a race course or a training stable?"

"You are certainly complimentary," she said. Her tone was the reverse of amiable.

"Well," I went on, "you needn't be huffy. You used to abuse him enough once yourself. Shall I tell you the latest thing I heard of him at the club?"

She nodded permission.

"He had dined," I said, "not to put too fine a point on it, not wisely, but well. He was exceedingly humorous on the occasion, and nothing would serve him but to go to the Convent Garden ball as a wind up——"

I paused, on principle of discretion.

"Well?" she said, impatiently. "Why don't you go on?"

"That," I said, "is what he did—in a ballet girl's costume."

She bit her lip. Somehow she did not seem so much amused as I expected. I tried another anecdote. Little Lord Guffy (as we called him) was rather the butt of the club, and stories, many and varied, were told of him.

"Did you hear of his great bet?" I went on."

"Bet? No. Oh, do tell me!"

I hesitated. Prudence had returned.

"On second thought," I said, "I prefer to tell your mother."

She flashed her eyes once again. When she did that, I always obeyed her and grew meek.

"If it is fit for her," she said, sternly, "it is fit for me. I insist on hearing it."

"Well," I said, dubiously, "I know the Modern Young Woman is more particular about her mother's morals than her own, but——I never thought you were quite—— quite that sort of girl."

"For to-night," she said. "Pray consider that I am that sort of girl. What was the bet?"

"It had something to do," I stammered, "with the height of a kick. The girl was Dolly Dennison of the 'Friv.' . . . . . You've seen her dance?"

"If you call it—dancing!"

"I don't—but Guffy and the 'Boys' do, and Lord Guffy himself in particular. He has spent a small fortune on gloves, and flowers, and jewels, and suppers, and things for her—I beg your pardon, perhaps I shouldn't mention these things."

"The Modern Young Woman has no objection to being enlightened in the ways of the Modern Young Man."

"That," I said, "is very encouraging."

"But I haven't yet heard the bet!" she said.

"But I haven't yet heard the bet!" she said.

"It was £100—to £6 that . . . well, that her celebrated kick would . . no—really, I can't express it delicately enough. You must excuse me."

She blushed divinely.

"Who won it" she said in a low, scarcely audible voice.

"Oh, he did—of course. They said he gave Dolly a hint.' There was a row about it, I know."

"And——" she went on in the same suppressed sort of voice, "is that the way he generally amuses himself?"

"Oh, I could tell you a hundred stories worse than that," I said, cheerfully. "Only you see you're not a man."

"I never envied your privileges so much before," she said, lifting her beautiful clear eyes to my face. "You are rightly termed 'Lords of Creation'——"

"Ah, well," I said, apologetically, "I hope we're not altogether bad. You've selected a rather poor specimen for illustration. Everyone knows Guffy. It's to hoped he'll never marry. I should pity his wife."

"Do you mean that?" she asked in the same subdued voice. Somehow I missed the old ring and mirth of it.

"Indeed I do," I said. "But then—talk of an angel—he's coming this way. Do you want to speak to him, or will you let me take you for an ice?"

"No, thank you," she said. "I have something to say to Lord Weedon."

I rose at once, I was quick to take a hint—I wondered dimly why Muriel was so changed. Not half the fun and life in her of a month ago.

Not ten yards away from that alcove Lord Weedon met me and I could not avoid him. He grinned in a manner that no Cheshire cat would have demeaned itself by imitating. His hand went out to me in the idiotic pump-handle fashion beloved of his set.

"Ah, old chappie—back again. I thought I'd missed you . . . Where was she, eh? Monte Carlo—Paris? Ha! Ha! We know what change of air means, dear!"

He winked knowingly—I looked stern, or tried to, and endeavored to pass him. He held on to my arm. His little bulldog face came nearer.

"I say . . . heard the news? Saw you sitting out this dance with her. No poaching now, you know. Honor among thieves—eh, my boy?"

"What do you mean?" I said shortly and shaking off his hand.

"Mean? Didn't she tell you—shy perhaps? . . . Well, look up your Morning Post. Yesterday's . . . Marriage arranged, you know, and all that. I take your 'congrats.' for granted, and don't send us salt cellars whatever you do! Ta-ta, I'll invite you to the ceremony, I know you're old friends."

* * * * * *

He went on to the alcove. I went home and looked up the Morning Post. I soon discovered the paragraph.

"We understand a marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Miss Muriel Montressor, second daughter of Crawford Montressor Esq., Hyde Park Square, and Lord Weedon, eldest son of the Marquis of Edonsore."

And I had chosen the delinquencies of this eligible and virtuous youth for a subject of conversation with his fiancee.

"Poor Guffy," I said as I lit a cigarette, and thought of the tete-a-tete that even now might be progressing in that alcove!

* * * * * *

A week later I was again perusing the Morning Post at my club, when my eyes fell upon this announcement:

"We are informed that the marriage arranged between Miss Muriel Montressor and Lord Weedon will not take place as announced in our issue of 13th inst."

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT CATS.—In the Tyrol girls who are fond of cats marry early.

Throwing a cat overboard from a ship will cause a cyclone.

The Pennsylvania Dutch believe black cats cure epilepsy.

Three drops of a black cat's blood is said to be a cure for croup.

If a cat washes herself calmly and smoothly the weather will be fair.

If the family cat lies with its back to the fire there will be a squall.

A person who despises cats will be carried to his grave in a howling storm.

If a cat sneezes three times the whole family will soon suffer from influenza.

To dream of a black cat at Christmas time in Germany is an omen of alarming illness.

If it rains on a Dutch girl's wedding day it is because the bride has forgotten to feed her cat.

In Ireland the cat must not be taken to a new house by a moving family, especially if water has to be crossed.

A cat born in May will be of a melancholy disposition, given to catching snakes and bringing them into the house.

If it rains when there is a large washing on the line in Germany it is a sure sign that the house mother has ill-treated the cat.

Bad luck will will follow if a black cat crosses your path, for the devil prowls about, especially at night, in the guise of a black cat.

In Scotland they used to cure erysipelas by cutting off half a cat's ear and letting the blood from the wound drop on the diseased part.

In moving in Scotland the family cat is thrown into the new house before the family enters in order that it may absorb any disease or curse left by former tenants.

In Oakland in moving the cat is carried in a bag and left in the back yard when let out of the bag.

ONLY WANTED PART.—A certain reverend doctor who, for many reasons, must be simply known by the ordinary name of Jones, is generally considered to be a most eloquent preacher, but, unfortunately, he belongs in some respects to the old fashioned school, and finds it nearly impossible to adapt himself to the prevailing fashion of short discourses.

It is a frequent joke, far beyond his own immediate family circle, that after writing a sermon he is obliged to cut it up into a series of modern discourses.

A short time ago he received a note from a well-known clerical brother conveying an urgent request that he would deliver a sermon upon some special church festival that was shortly to be held.

The doctor replied to the effect that he would come, and that he had just completed a sermon upon the Golden Calf, which might be singularly appropriate for the occasion.

The brother clergyman was an old friend and knew Dr. Jones very intimately, and being thus acquainted both with his peculiarities as well as with his ability to take a joke, he sent the following answer by telegram:

"Golden Calf just what is wanted. A fore-quarter is all that will be needed."

NEEDS DELICATE SKILL.—Hanoi, a city of French Tonquin, has a flourishing industry in the incrustation of precious woods with mother-of-pearl.

The industry is so important that a whole street, called "the street of the inlayers," is given up to it, and constitutes the sole curiosity of the city.

The native workmen are genuine artists, masters of a delicate handcraft demanding at once artistic perception and high manual skill.

Furnished with rude tools, but with much patience and skill, these workmen produce articles of great beauty, gleaming with rainbow hues.

Here is a sheaf of many-colored flowers, there are delicious arabesques, yonder a landscape glittering in the sun.

The principle of the division of labor has been applied to the art. There are cabinet-makers, who put together the different parts of the material to be incrusted.

The process of joining is done without the aid of nails and with a system of nice dovetailing, and the use of paste of which lacquer is the base. The wood employed is of two species of palisander, sometimes called violet ebony.

HOW TO READ.—Read thoughtfully—this is a great secret in the right use of books. Not lazily to mumble, like the dogs in the siege of Corinth, as dead bones the words of the author; not slavishly to assent to his every word, to cry "Amen" to his every conclusion; not to read him as an officer his general's orders; but to read him with inquiry, with a free exercise of your own faculties, with the admiration of intelligence, and not with the wonder of ignorance—that is the proper and profitable way of reading the great authors of your native tongue.

Humorous.

"GO TO."

"Kind sir, your daughter I would wed,"
"Go to, go to!" the father said;
And 'twas no sooner said than done,
For they went two and came back one.

Case of importance—An official envelope.

Railway cuttings—Diminished dividends.

Something that draws well—A mustard plaster.

What men keep putting off from day to day—Their neckties.

Lovers should be careful how they act in the country, for potatoes have eyes, corn has ears, and bean stalk.

Tom: I can't realize, old man, that you are a father.

George: Can't you? Just come round and spend the night with me.

"Before I was tried," said a condemned culprit, "I thought I was innocent, but I have a conviction now that I was guilty."

Lady of a certain age: I like this dress; but it doesn't match my complexion.

Candid friend: Oh, that's but a trifle; you can alter your complexion to suit!

Cawker: I've had another addition to my family since I saw you last.

Cumso: You don't say! Boy or girl?

Cawker: Son-in-law.

"How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that our parson, the laziest man living, writes those interminable sermons."

"Why?" said the other, "probably after he begins writing he is too lazy to stop."

"And you say your father was wounded in the war?"

"Had, sir."

"Was he shot in the ranks?"

"No, sir—in the back."

Tommy: Pop, has a cat nine lives?

Tommy's Pop: There is a popular superstition to that effect, my son.

Tommy: Has that anything to do with the nine muses?

A.: Why did Jones break off his engagement with Miss Osborne?

X.: On account of her past.

A.: What was the matter with it?

X.: Nothing—only he thought it was too long.

New Yorker: What fresh air you have out here! It's so much fresher than in New York.

Farmer: Jess so! That's jest what I was saying to my old woman. Why ain't all these big cities built out in the country?

A well-known novelist is responsible for the following:

"When I rung the bell, I heard Elsie call out, 'Here is mamma!' as she ran to open the door with her dear little feet, pattering along the hall."

"Sammy, my boy, what are you crying for?"

"Bill throwed the Bible at me and hit me on the head."

"Well, you are the only one in my family on whom the Bible ever had any impression."

At Niagara.—First stranger: Ah, sir, it seems a shame to see all this going to waste!

Second stranger: Jesso, jesso!

First stranger: Are you a mechanical engineer, sir?

Second stranger: No, sir; I'm a milkman.

"I understand," remarked the man with the new tie, "that Miss De Beans refuses to look with favor upon Guzley's suit."

The man in the pointed shoes laughed derisively.

"Who could blame her?" he cried in a bitter tone. It was Ruggles, the rival tailor.

Old Mr. Chapman sat down at the table and ordered a glass of milk.

"See here!" he called to the waiter, and his voice was full of indignation, "here's a cow's hair floating around in this milk."

"Well, sir," the waiter made answer, softly rubbing his hands together, "you wouldn't expect to find a horsehair in milk, would you?"

A man coming home late one night, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water, and drank it. In doing so, he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet of silk in his hands, and still no end apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Wife, wife, come here, I am unravelling!"

Mrs. Grumps: "Did you advertise for poor, dear little Fido?"

Mr. Grumps: "Yes."

"Did you give a full description of him?"

"Yes."

"And did you say our address was on his silver collar?"

"Yes."

"And did you offer a reward?"

"Yes."

"What did you offer?"

"I said if the finder would return the collar he might keep the dog."

WHITE TO BLACK.—Some very remarkable instances of change of color in hair and skin have been recently recorded.

As a rule, human hair naturally loses color as age increases, turning first grey and then white, as the heads of the venerable ones amongst us fully testify; while the hair on the heads of even young persons has been known to turn white in the course of twenty-four hours, owing to some sudden and severe mental shock.

But Dr. Griffith, of Louisville, mentions the case of a man's white hair turning black at the age of sixty-five.

The man, whom the doctor has known for forty years, is an engineer in the fire department of that city, and on a recent occasion was on duty for fifteen consecutive hours at a big fire.

The spray was constantly flying from the hose, and, being winter time, he became covered from head to foot with ice.

He wore a skull cap under his helmet, so that his head was the warmest part of his body and his hair was not at all exposed.

The day after the fire, however, his hair, which had become gray eight years before and had been white for three years, turned perfectly black.

The doctor reports that the man's hair is oily and not dead, and that the head had been carefully scrubbed several times to ascertain whether the change in color was due to foreign matter, but, no, the black color remained steadfast.

THEY KNOW.—Scottish dogs are frequently to be seen at the kirk. They know, without being told, the Kirk day, or Sunday, and are always ready to accompany their masters to the service.

On entering the sacred building, the dogs at once take up their position beneath the seats and quietly go off to sleep. They rest peacefully all though the service and the sermon that follows until the benediction has been pronounced.

The moment that is concluded by the minister, the dogs, one and all, immediately rise, give themselves a shake and calmly make for the door.

In olden days the turnspit dogs (dogs put in a wheel to turn the spit for roasting the meat) used to attend church and heartily enjoy their rest on the seventh day.

On one occasion, however, they were greatly disturbed, as in the course of the Scripture reading for that Sunday the word "wheel" was the signal for them to turn to their hated labor, and on hearing it in church the dogs replied by a low growl.

Again the word came, and another growl was heard; but when it came for the third time, the dogs could stand it no longer, and, giving a continuous growl, rushed out of the church.

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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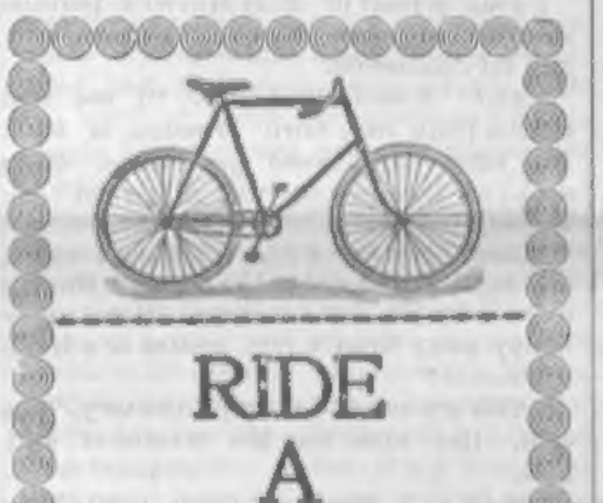

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FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.35, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.10, 6.10, 7.30, 9.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—7.00, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.05, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.50, 7.50, 10.00, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.06, 4.30, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.14, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Reading—Express, 2.35, (3.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.45, 6.31 (11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.13.

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For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.15 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 2.00, 8 m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

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Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.45 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 2.40 p m. Sundays, 5.40 p m.

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